



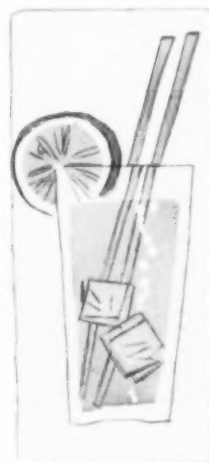
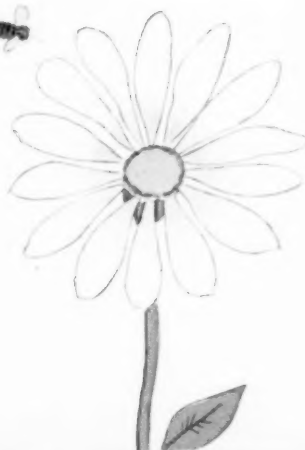
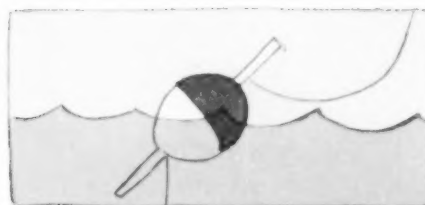
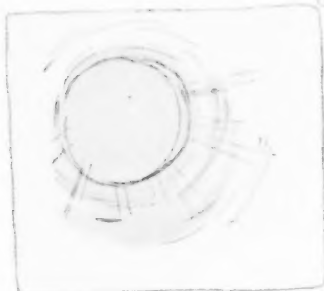
MACLEAN'S

AUGUST 1 1951 CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE 15 CENTS

GREY OWL: THE MAGNIFICENT FRAUD
A MACLEAN'S FLASHBACK

**Will Hitler Have
The Last Laugh?**

Lionel Shapiro reports from Germany



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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, AUGUST 1, 1951

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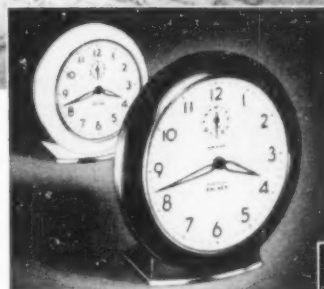
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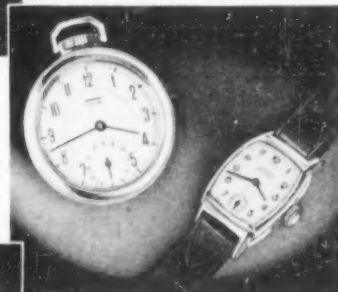
MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, TORONTO, AUGUST 1, 1951



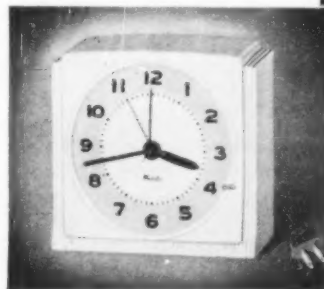
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EDITORIAL

THE REAL WAR IN KOREA

BY PIERRE BERTON

IN THE gathering dusk of Korea's weary bloody war, some things were clear and others still clouded. Certainly, the Chinese, some of whom had Spanish-American War rifles and some of whom had only clubs, were moving back up the peninsula through villages roasted by our napalm and cities crumbled by our shells. The long lines of refugees were on the move again and the rice was green only in those paddies which had survived the tread of marching feet. People were saying that we'd won the war.

But had we? Can you win a war in this tragic year of 1951 as you win a prize fight, by brute force in the fifteenth round?

To answer that question you've got to think back to what the war in Korea was all about. The initial objective was clear enough. It was, as Cpl. Karry Dunphy of the Pats put it: "To resist aggression and all that sort of thing."

But surely this is a negative objective. What have we done in Korea that is positive? Sure, we're winning the old-fashioned war of brawn. But what about the newfangled war for men's minds? Have our actions in Korea made more friends for the western world? Have we been able to convince the Koreans themselves that the phrase "our way of life" is something more than a slogan? Have we succeeded in selling our brand of democracy to this proud but unhappy race?

It is terrifying to report that the answer seems to be a flat, unqualified "No!"

If we had gone into Korea as an invading army of conquerors with the express purpose of humiliating the citizenry we could have done no worse than we have done in the name of the United Nations, the Western world and the democratic way of life.

I have some vivid memories of Korea and many of them I wish I could forget. There is the memory of the old Korean who stumbled unloading a crate from a C-54 in Pusan, and of the little pipsqueak of a GI private who seized him by the faded coat lapels and shouted in his face: "You sonofabitch—if you do that again I'll punch you in the nose!" There is the memory of the wretched young man with his feet half eaten away, dying of gangrene and refused medical assistance by a succession of MOs because he was a Korean and didn't count. There is the memory of the Canadian private who emptied his Bren into a Korean grave and the memory of the GI in the bus at Pusan who shouted loudly at a comrade about how much he hated the gooks—and the look on the face of the Korean bus driver who overheard him.

And always there is the memory of the crowded streets and the khaki river of soldiers flowing through them, many of them drunk, not a few

of them arrogant, most of them with too much money to spend: a shifting montage of jeeps driving lickety-split down narrow lanes built for oxcarts, of voices cursing at the men who didn't move out of the way quickly, of faces leering and winking at the women, of hands dispensing the largess of democracy—a piece of gum here, a piece of chocolate there—to the ragged hungry children begging on the curb.

There is above all the memory of the serious young Korean university graduate gazing solemnly and sadly at me across the remnants of a chow mein dinner that had cost the equivalent of two months' wages in Korea, and saying: "You Americans are so stupid. You have made prostitutes of our women and beggars of our children. Surely you are not going to make the mistake of thinking the Koreans love you?"

We were eating in a native restaurant because this young man could not eat with me in the officers' mess where all other war correspondents eat. Yet he was an accredited war correspondent, too, who wore the United Nations patch and uniform. But he was a Korean. Sorry.

Surely this illustrates the stupidity of our policy in Korea. We not only go out of our way to insult a group of Koreans, but we single out newspapermen—the very people who can interpret, or misinterpret, our way of life to their countrymen. In Korea we have given very little thought to anything but the military expediency of the moment, whether it encompasses the breaking of dikes on a paddy field or the tacit support of a government which is about as democratic as Franco's.

The great lesson of the new decade is already clear: that the ends of military expediency are not enough, that you can't burn away an idea with gasoline jelly but can only destroy it with a better idea. But this lesson hasn't been put into practice.

Our soldiers are sometimes referred to as "the ambassadors of democracy" but the painful fact is that they lack both training and talent for ambassadorship. They have been taught how to fight and they fight well. They have not been taught how to act and they act badly.

It seems to me there are two basic principles we must accept. One has already been suggested in these columns by Lionel Shapiro: that these days it is as important to teach a soldier how to get along with other people as it is to teach him the first and second stoppages on the Bren gun. This will take more than just the odd lecture and the occasional pamphlet. The idea needs to be drilled into the troops as surely as the manual of arms.

The other thing we must understand is that we all share some of the responsibility for what has happened to the Korean people and their land. No matter who is to blame it is we who must rebuild this wretched country, for victory will rest in the end with the side that gains the trust of the people.

I believe this is the only practical aim we can follow in Korea if we are to come out of this business with our heads up and our ideals unsullied. The fact that it is also the moral course is perhaps an added argument in its favor. If we succeed with it we may yet make "our way of life" seem worth while to the people who've had it inflicted on them for the past twelve months.

MACLEAN'S

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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By—Ontario Government (page 3), Karsh (7), RCAF (7), Peter Croydon (8, 9), Harold K. White (9), Science Service, Dept. of Agriculture (12), Miller (13, 15), National Parks Service (14, 15), Paul Rocket—Panda (16, 17), Ken Bell (18, 26), Harold Climo (20), Caterpillar Tractor Co. (21), Howard Byrne (22, 23).

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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, TORONTO, AUGUST 1, 1951



Your Guide TO FOOD THAT SATISFIES

• The average Canadian family today enjoys a greater variety of delicious, nourishing foods than ever graced the banquet table of kings in the past.

Magazine advertising has been largely responsible in bringing this about. Food manufacturers and processors use advertising in magazines to introduce new, easy to buy, easy to use foods to millions of people across Canada quickly, thus bringing about mass demand and production and prices within the reach of everyone.

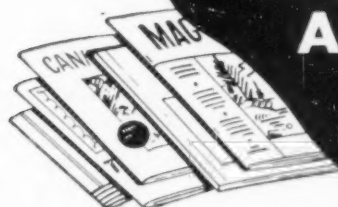
The magazine has always blazed the trail for the introduction of new things. In its editorial and advertising columns it has raised standards

of living by informing and educating people on new refinements, new services and new products.

Manifestly, the important element in the magazine's ability to do this is its atmosphere of quality. Experience has convinced Canadians that food products advertised in magazines are good.

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Made in Canada

LONDON LETTER by Beverley Baxter



English migrants for Canada. Eden would allow them more finance.

NEW MEMBERS FOR THE STERLING CLUB?

ON A recent morning during the parliamentary recess Anthony Eden left his country place and drove to London's Westminster Bank, of which he is a director, and then went home again in the afternoon for a rest and a last study of an important speech which he was to make that night.

His subject was The Empire and Commonwealth and ten thousand people had applied for tickets to the great Harringay Arena in North London. As M.P. for the adjoining constituency of Southgate I was one of a dozen who were to support him on the platform by our presence but not with words. This was a one-man show.

Great crowds were converging on the arena as I arrived. In fact a stranger could have been excused for thinking that a heavyweight boxing contest was taking place. In spite of the fact that Eden is seldom colorful or theatrical and has never pretended to command the glittering phrase, he is, next to Churchill, the biggest draw in the country.

The huge organ was playing Keep the Home Fires Burning, and the crowd laughed. This twelve-month winter we are having is so persistent that laughter is the only retort.

In the waiting room Eden was vital and charming as usual but it was a sign of nervousness that he at once entered into a discussion with me about the age Hamlet was supposed to be. The origin of the discussion was a recent production of the play in which Alec Guinness shocked the critics by wearing a

mustache and imperial — in other words a goatee.

For many years Eden's constituency included Stratford-upon-Avon so that he might be said to have represented Shakespeare in parliament. He is a close student of the Bard and can quote long passages from his plays, but only in private — there is something in his nature which makes him eschew the theatrical on the platform. I suppose there was no subject that interested Eden so little at that moment but first-night nerves are not confined to actors. Even Churchill, before he goes into the House to speak on a big occasion, will enter into a violent discussion with someone on horse racing, although only one tenth of his mind is on the subject.

Zero hour. Eden took a tug at his tie. The organ had started Land of Hope and Glory, which has become a sort of second national anthem, and the crowd was singing it with stentorian volume. As the supporting cast we M.P.s went first on the platform, looking in the arc lights rather like a collection of suspected fellow travelers about to be questioned by the FBI.

God, who made thee mighty,
Make thee mightier yet.

Elgar's pompous stirring music and its heroic words filled the air and then, as it ended, Eden appeared in the distance and marched to the platform on a gale of cheers.

When the cheering was over Eden stepped forward and began his speech.

Continued on page 29

BACKSTAGE AT OTTAWA

Clearing Up the Recruiting Mess

By BLAIR FRASER, Maclean's Ottawa Editor

RECRUITING officers still have their fingers crossed, but they are beginning to think the Cabinet really learned something from the Korean Brigade experience last year. Recruiting for Korea was a sad mess. Recruiting for the North Atlantic Treaty Organization force in Europe, so far, has been a smooth and successful operation.

There were four sudden changes in political climate last year, and that was the root of the trouble. First it was frigid—Cabinet's watchword was strict economy, its orders to reduce recruiting establishments and facilities to a bare minimum and recruiting itself to a trickle. Then came the August decision to recruit the Special Force; the ex-sluggards became frantic helter-skelter advocates of more haste and never mind the speed. Then the "MacArthur Victory" in October—the Korean War was over, so there was no hurry about fixing any of the gaps in the machinery that August exposed. Finally the Chinese assault across the Yalu put Ottawa back into the same old flap.

It would have been hard to contrive worse conditions for recruiting. The undermanned stations which had been handling a dozen men a week were suddenly swamped with hundreds each day. Medical examiners had to work in quarters with no shower baths; after a long hot day with hundreds of unwashed applicants any doctor ceases to take his normal care with each man. It's pleasanter all round if they don't even undress.

And nobody objected, as long as there was no delay. Politicians kept

urging "Let them in, sign them up. Don't wait for documents, don't worry about medical standards, just get the men in uniform."

One applicant was accepted for Korea and sent off to training camp before his wife found out what he was doing. She had no trouble getting him out again: she merely pointed out he was already receiving a \$35-a-month disability pension for World War II wounds. The army checked his record and found she was quite right, but nobody had looked him up until his wife complained.

None of this was any surprise to officers in charge of recruiting. They had predicted it all. "I'm told we even enlisted a couple of hunchbacks," one of them said with a grin. "I doubt that, but we came pretty close. When the political heat is on you can't reject anybody who's able to walk."

The end result: Of about eight thousand men recruited for the Special Force (not counting those posted from the regular army) nearly two thousand had been discharged by the time the brigade went into action. A few of these were combat casualties from the Princess Pats, but the great majority, according to the very officers who directed the recruiting of them, should never have been accepted in the first place.

* * *

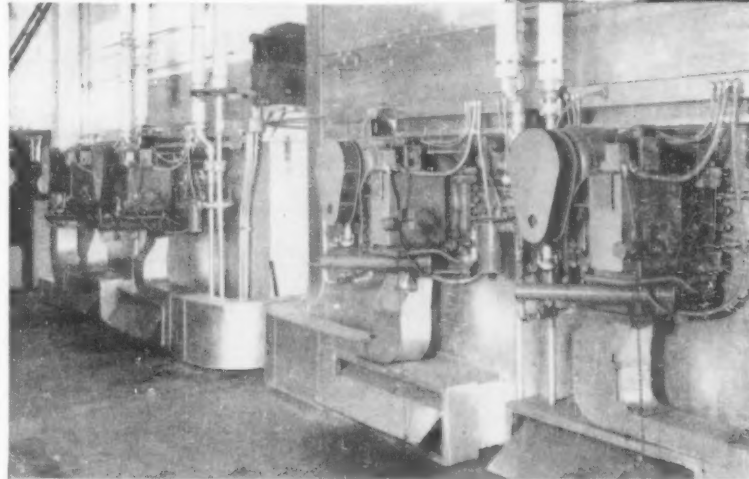
THIS YEAR things are different. It's too soon for discharge figures to be fully comparable, but the same officers who predicted the flummox of 1950 are quite happy about the recruiting methods of 1951.

For one *Continued on page 42*



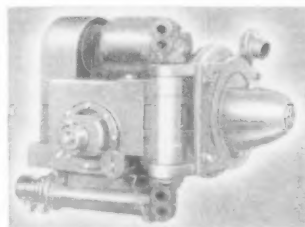
Ottawa seems to have learned to allow the Army to pick its own men.

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Manitoba-born Vilhjalmur Stefansson has made three expeditions into Canada's Arctic and up to 1930 he spent ten entire winters and thirteen summers inside the polar circle. His expedition for the Canadian Government (1913-1918) was the longest polar trip on record. He is now editing a twenty-volume encyclopedia on the Arctic.

WE'RE MISSING OUR FUTURE IN THE NORTH

A famous explorer says that by exploiting our rich northland we can match United States industrial wealth and support as many people. But first we have to get rid of our sissy attitude toward the Barren Ground — it's not all barren or too cold for comfort

By VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON

CANADIANS PRIDE themselves on their pioneering spirit, yet of all the obstacles keeping Canada from becoming one of the world's richest, greatest and most powerful nations the chief one is the lack of pioneering spirit.

Canada has great size, unthinkable rich resources, and one of the world's few remaining frontiers. Furthermore, through the ages the centres of human progress have been moving northward. From all indications, Canada's great undeveloped northland would rank large in the history of the future—if Canadians hadn't turned into a race of stay-at-homes or southward migrants.

Americans have, too. When I was a boy in North Dakota in the 1880s every youth dreamed of going beyond the frontier. Today nearly every boy in Dakota dreams of moving to Fargo and living a city life; once there, he longs for Minneapolis, which is much larger; and his ultimate goals are

Chicago and finally New York or Los Angeles. Colonization, the greatest adventure of the last few centuries, has lost out to steam heat, automatic gearshifts and television.

The northern two thirds of Canada—an area comparable in size to all of Europe—is inhabited by fewer than a hundred thousand people (one per Europe's 5,000). True, large areas are unfertile and the climate is cooler than that of Italy (though, of course, nothing like the climate of the north as portrayed in fiction and the standard tales of heroism). But there are millions and millions of acres of excellent farmland, vast tracts of timber, tremendous oil fields and, I am certain, many great undiscovered deposits of valuable metals. This is a land men would have fought and died for a century, and even half a century, ago.

But what do we hear today? From Canada

Continued on page 43



Aklavik (pop. 200) is our most northerly settlement. Less than one percent of the population of Canada lives in the northern two thirds of the country.



HOW JESSICA WON WINNIPEG

The woman four hundred mayors call "The Duchess" now shines as the political side-kick of the mayor she married. Good-looking Jessica Coulter sometimes makes three speeches a night, attends eight functions a day and may have her eye on a gold chain of office of her own

Thousands of Winnipeggers gave the pert secretary of all Canadian mayors a royal welcome after she married their own sixty-seven-year-old mayor.

"The sort of wife every mayor would wish to have" was one alderman's tribute to Jessica. Here at a mayor's convention she dazzles Ontario Premier Frost (left).





Jessica gets more kick out of a meeting on garbage disposal than women's gossip. For thirteen years she helped run the Canadian Mayors' Federation.



Not wealthy, she does her own housework and says she's a "rough-and-ready" cook; her husband grumpily agrees. Their family includes two Siamese cats.

By MCKENZIE PORTER

PHOTOS BY PETER CROYDON

WHEN the Canadian Federation of Mayors and Municipalities held its annual convention in London, Ont., last June, about one hundred wives of civic politicians and officials tagged along for the ride.

All their husbands had to say about industrial development, town planning, traffic control, assessment problems and municipal finance must have been familiar supper-time rhetoric to them for years. Leaving the mayors, aldermen and bureaucrats to their humdrum affairs the women flocked to pre-arranged luncheons, teas, cocktail parties and sight-seeing trips. One of them, however, scorning such flippant diversions, sat through every conference with the city elders and seemed to find their deliberations more engrossing than a June wedding.

She was Jessica Coulter, pert, plump, forty-five-year-old wife of Garnet Coulter, the septuagenarian Mayor of Winnipeg.

Jessica is probably the most glamorous civic hostess in Canada. Certainly she is the best informed on civic matters. Alderman C. E. Simonite of Winnipeg once said: "She is the sort of wife every mayor would wish to have." Jessica gets more kick out of a debate on city garbage disposal than she does out of neighborly gossip and devotes as much vigor, diplomacy and feminine guile to keeping her husband in office as Argentina's Eva Peron.

Mayors were her business long before she married one. In eleven years, first as secretary and later as executive director, she nursed the Montreal-based Canadian Federation of Mayors and Municipalities from birth to a lusty maturity. From remote corners of Canada she drew four hundred mayors together, incited them to corporate action against the apathy of voters for local government, and welded them, through a process of conventions, official delegations, committees and skillful publicity, into a body that could no longer be given the brush-off by federal and provincial parliaments.

"Anyone who looks down his nose at municipal politics," she cried, "is looking down his nose at democracy."

She got to know the Christian name of every mayor in Canada. She became the model for every mayor's "Girl Friday." Affectionately, she was called by every mayor "the Duchess." Once, when she was the only woman at a banquet of mayors, four hundred of them rose as she entered the dining room and sang: Let Me Call You Sweetheart.

Three years ago, when she married the serene

homespun Mayor of Winnipeg, who for four decades had been regarded as an impregnable bachelor, four thousand people met the couple at the station and gave them a reception worthy of royalty. She always refers to her husband as "the Boss," but she is a power behind his mayoral chair. Garnet Coulter says: "I place a lot of confidence in her decisions."

The elaborate debut in Winnipeg of this petite, curvaceous, radiant brunette who dresses with Gallic chic, smokes innumerable cigarettes, relishes cocktails and enjoys the flirtatious badinage of middle-aged politicians might have led to an ominous sharpening of long daggers among the prairie city's foremost wives. Yet today, three years after the event, Jessica Coulter seems to have hardly an enemy in the world. Verena Garrioch, a society editor on the Winnipeg Tribune, says: "I've never heard a catty word against her." Jessica herself says: "The people could have made things difficult for me. But they were wonderful."

Devoted to her seventy-year-old husband, Jessica accompanies him on a heavy round of public functions, yet still does all her own housework. In the last three years she has made more than three hundred speeches to groups ranging from twenty-five to six hundred people; poured enough cups of tea at women's functions to float a ship; organized a provincial association of urban authorities; helped administer the nine - million - dollar Manitoba Flood Relief Fund; and endeared herself to the Negro, Jewish, Ukrainian and other ethnic groups in polyglot Winnipeg by attending all their "do's" and crusading against racial discrimination.

One of her triumphs in social service was getting women volunteers to work at a mental hospital.

Last year her formal engagements averaged three a day, seven days a week. One day she went to eight functions. In one night she made three speeches in halls several miles apart.

Unashamedly thirsty for limelight, she cultivates the Press and knows most Winnipeg newspapermen well. On New Year's Day 1950 a taxi load of reporters on a festive round called at her home just as she and the Mayor, in formal togs, were leaving to attend the Lieutenant-Governor's reception. The Coulters invited the boys in for a drink and never got to the reception.

A few months ago after an appendectomy it was suggested she take life a little easier. "No!" she said. "I don't want people to forget me."

Jessica is one of Canada's most-photographed women. At the last mayors' convention in London she told Premier Leslie Frost of Ontario to "Wait

here a moment" while she got a photographer to shoot them together. She shines at political shindigs and sticks close to her quiet retiring husband, thereby keeping him in a spotlight that might otherwise pass over him. Coulter displays in public a restrained affection for her and gets restless if she leaves him for too long.

But he doesn't grant her every wish. Recently when she asked him to switch on Winnipeg's colored streetlights—normally reserved for special occasions—so that a visiting writer could see them, the Mayor refused.

Coulter is no great shakes as a speaker but Jessica is a colorful orator. At the same time she contrives never to obscure him. "I'm the Boss's side-kick," she says. "That's my job and I stick to it."

During his bachelor days Coulter's popularity stemmed largely

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Jessica thoroughly enjoys her busy life: It enables her to wear her clothes before they're out of style.



LOVE IS A

The way Grandma saw it, love was like gambling and Gwen had to be willing to take a loss while perfecting her system.

But Grandpa and Tom had a surefire formula of their own

By KERMIT SHELBY

ILLUSTRATED BY BILL BOOK

I CAME IN from the back yard, carrying the roses. "She's mad at him again, Grandma," I said, looking for the blue vase.

Grandma looked up from the cookstove where she was stirring the spiced pickle peaches with a long-handled spoon. The kitchen light, reflected, made little windows in Grandma's spectacles. "They'll make up again," Grandma said.

"Not this time." I couldn't find the blue vase so I used the white one. "She gave his ring back."

"No!" The long-handled spoon said "plunk" as it fell in the bubbling juice and Grandma let it lay. She peered at me sharply. "Carrie Marrs, are you making that up?"

"I'm not making it up." Being fourteen I had long ago learned you couldn't lie to Grandma. "I saw her hand. Naked, it looked. She was hanging out dishtowels while I was cutting the roses. I kept trying to see her ring—after all, didn't it cost my brother Tom seven hundred and eighty dollars? I felt I had a right, so I plain came out and asked her to let me see it. A fluttery look came in her eyes and for a moment I thought her face

would crumple. She laid her hand on the clothesline, sort of hanging on. "Take a good look, Carrie," she said. I looked and said, 'But I don't see anything.' She said, 'Now you know. There isn't any ring, Carrie. We quarreled and I gave it back to him. Now run and tell the neighbors. Tell the world, Carrie.' She ran up the back steps, leaving the clothespin bag on the grass. She's over there now by herself, crying her eyes out."

"Poor child. And her folks vacationing way up in Canada."

Grandma untied her apron.

I looked at the untouched waffle on Tom's plate. "I knew something wasn't kosher when Tom wouldn't eat breakfast a while ago. He tore off two pickets, backing his car out."

"Watch the peaches, Carrie. If they start to thicken, turn the fire off." Grandma ran down the back steps and through the hole in the hedge.

I poured a cup of hot spiced peach juice over Tom's waffle and ate it. Umm! Of course I felt sorry for Gwen, but it wasn't my heart that was breaking. I wondered if Gwen would go on teaching school always and if Tom would go on working in his filling station like nothing had happened?



SKIN GAME

What did folks do when their hearts broke?

After the peaches finished cooking I hunted up my algebra. Life must go on, I told myself.

Grandma came back, sniffed, and said, "Did you turn the fire off?"

"They're done," I said, watching Grandma.

She dropped in her sewing rocker by the kitchen window. "Men!" Grandma said, and her shoulders sagged.

I couldn't wait any longer. "Wasn't the ring fine enough for her?"

"Too fine, I guess." Grandma got up, put on the teakettle, and got out her mason jars. "Gwen wanted Tom to get a smaller diamond and put the difference on a new cookstove. Tom wouldn't hear to it. She told Tom he was extravagant and he called her stingy, and—" Grandma sighed. "That boy gets more like his Grandpa Willie every day. Stubborn from the word go."

Suddenly I was remembering something. "You know what I think, Grandma? I think Grandpa put Tom up to it."

"Up to it?" Grandma gave me a penetrating look.

"Last night they were talking on the porch, just before Tom went over to Gwen's house. Something about an argument. Grandpa said, 'Did you come out winner?' Tom said, 'So far I have.' 'Good,' Grandpa said. 'Always win the first argument, son, and you'll never have any trouble. That's the way I did with Betsy.' Grandpa laughed. Grandma, is it true Grandpa always tells you what to do, like he thinks he does?"

Grandma smiled wisely. "If Willie thinks so, everybody's happy. And that's all that matters." Then Grandma sounded impatient, like maybe she'd said too much. "Go study your algebra, Carrie."

It being Saturday, I took my algebra up on the sundeck. Our sundeck is just over our screened back porch and just across the hedge is Gwen's back porch. That's how come I heard Grandma and Gwen talking while

they shelled the peas. It wasn't exactly eavesdropping. I mean, I was there first. If I raised up off the sun mat Gwen might see me. X is the unknown quantity, I told myself, propping up the algebra.

"It's not hopeless, honey," Grandma said consolingly. "Men are men. There's ways and means."

Gwen said nothing. I could just see the top of her brown head, sleek and thoughtful. The peas fell rhythmically in the empty pan. For a school-teacher, Gwen was awfully pretty. About twenty-three. My brother Tom was twenty-five.

"Most men aren't selfish at heart," Grandma said tolerantly. "They just want their own way."

"What's the difference?" Gwen sounded self-righteous.

"Lots of difference. A selfish person always has his own interest at heart. But a man who wants his own way— Men think it manly to assert themselves, because that proves they wear the pants—they think. Wearing the pants in a matter of principle."

"Women have principles, too. Is a spoiled man worth sacrificing one's ideals for?"

"That depends on how badly spoiled he is," Grandma said. "Ideals are fine, honey, and I'm for 'em. But they don't warm your feet on a cold night."

"Mrs. Marra!" Gwen gasped, shocked.

"Tom's extravagant, like you say. But if you don't let him spend money on you, some other woman will. What's more, she'll be sticking out her finger with that diamond on it."

"Tom said he wanted the ring to be a symbol of our happiness when I said yes. That's sweet, of course. But so impractical. Tom's sweet in spite of his faults." Gwen sighed, miserable.

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At Baker Lake mosquitoes swarm on a resting Eskimo. White clothing would help.

DON'T SWAT THAT MOSQUITO

When you slap at a mosquito you simply attract more. This is only one of the things learned by the group of Canadian scientists who are working with lethal sprays, Geiger counters and their own skins in a battle against the bugs which sometimes wipe out herds of cattle

By IAN MacNEILL

IF TROOPS ever fight in our far north they will face other than human enemies. In winter, cold will be the other enemy; in summer, mosquitoes and other tormenting insects.

Most authorities on the north would rather take their chances with the cold for the area is the world's worst for insect pests. In most parts of the sub-arctic there are ten times as many insects as in the steamiest tropic jungle. Even Vilhjalmur Stefansson, who has spent a lifetime preaching that the Arctic is a friendly place (see page seven), balks at the "flies," as they all are generally called in the north. So thick at times have been the clouds of mosquitoes, says Stefansson, that he has found it almost impossible to sight a rifle.

That's one good reason why scientists of the Defense Research Board, the U. S. Army and the division of entomology, Federal Department of Agriculture, are directing a year-round battle against this third enemy. In summer it goes on in the muskegs of the sub-arctic; in winter in a dozen university and government laboratories. The stake is bigger than enabling a soldier to sight a rifle or even than the health, efficiency and morale of troops. The "flies" cost Canada millions of dollars in lost work, inefficiency, or sickness in such industries as lumbering, farming and mining. A government entomologist says that "in some areas the mosquito pest has been the chief factor in retarded development." Now that we are moving north to seek new wealth, the toll will grow greater unless the scientists can find a way to defeat the flies. Fortunately their chances look good.

Until a few decades ago most Canadians had a taste of what soldiers and settlers in the sub-arctic will be up against.

A visitor to Glengarry, Ont., in 1820 saw a cloud of mosquitoes settle on a candle and extinguish it. Men cutting the international boundary line in the Fraser Valley in 1858 had to quit for several weeks because of mosquito attacks. A speaker before the Ontario Historical Society in 1919 attributed several early Ontario government crises to illness and quarrels caused by mosquitoes. In 1911, a bad mosquito year in B. C., all lumbering camps were closed for six weeks; everyone was driven out of the town of Steelhead; the brickworks at Clayburn shut down for three weeks; farmers couldn't get their fruit in; the milk flow from cows was reduced thirty to forty percent and many cattle died from bites.

As swamps were drained and forests were cleared the flies retreated until, in most settled parts of Canada, there are only enough to raise a mild curse from the porch of an evening. But they still can be bad in spots. Until a few years ago Winnipeg suffered a yearly invasion of mosquitoes that made it almost as bad as the backwoods. A local physician, the late Dr. H. M. Speechly, started a one-man war against the pests and, with oil, industry and oratory, made mosquito-control an important civic service in Winnipeg.

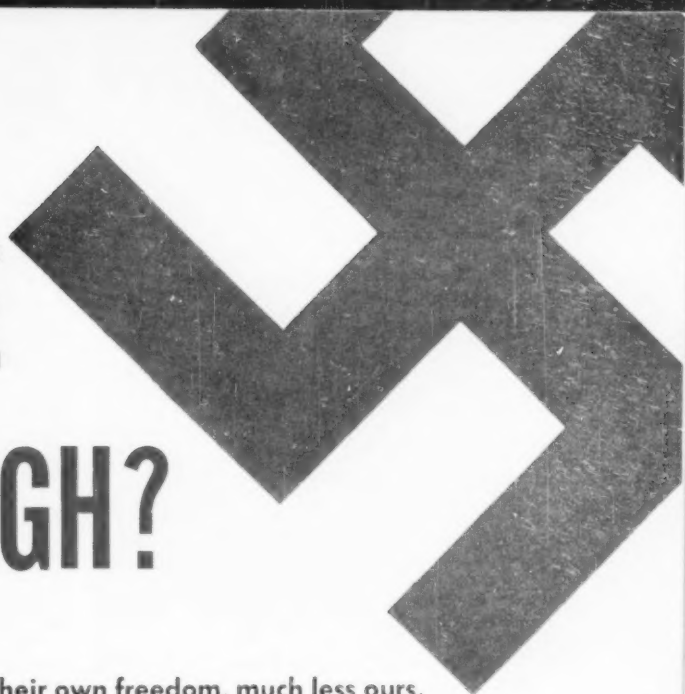
People in Ontario this summer are slapping at an unusually large crop of the pests, the result of a particularly wet spring which gave the mosquitoes fine breeding conditions. About twenty thousand dollars worth of livestock was killed by black flies in the Macdowall area of Saskatchewan in 1944. Two years later about six hundred head of livestock, valued at seventy thousand dollars, were killed in two or three days in the same region. The cause of death as given by investigators was shock. Milk production among surviving cattle dropped to fifty percent for several weeks after the attack. An Alberta farmer tells of lighting a smudge fire to give his cattle some relief from the mosquitoes. It did. The cattle crowded so close to escape the insects that a dozen calves were burned or crushed to death.

Yet in these areas, as compared to the far north, the flies are a relatively minor nuisance. There are two reasons for their abundance in the sub-arctic. Limitless tracts of muskeg and water form perfect breeding grounds. And, because of the long hours of summer sunlight in northern latitudes, midnight and midday temperatures vary only slightly—there is no night chill such as kills off infant flies farther south.

From this ideal incubator come the "flies." The huge bulldog or horsefly with a bite like its namesake's; the "no-see-ums," swarms of gnats, whose combined bites feel like a lick of flame across your skin; the deer fly, a small edition of the bulldog, with a bite like a dentist's drill. Either because of their relatively small numbers or brief appearances these are not a serious problem. The real troublemakers are the mosquito and the black fly. You can speak considerable evil about both.

The black fly looks like a Continued on page 52

WILL HITLER HAVE THE LAST LAUGH?



West Germans refuse to fight for their own freedom, much less ours, until they've used the Russian threat to pry what they want out of us. Spurred on by leaders demanding full independence, many of the Germans we defeated now say contemptuously, "We told you so"

By LIONEL SHAPIRO

Maclean's European Correspondent

FRANKFURT

THE STORY that never hit the headlines—perhaps the most important untold story of 1950—was how perilously close the nations that fought together to conquer Germany came to a third world war in Germany. It happened during the first two weeks of December, and this is how it happened:

The foreign ministers and their military advisers of the North Atlantic Treaty nations had met in Brussels and resolved to set up a unified North Atlantic command. They had asked President Truman for the services of General Eisenhower as supreme commander. Then the conference, in top-secret discussions, began to consider the sort of force it might put at Eisenhower's disposal. Confronting the members was the dreadful estimate of Soviet-plus-satellite strength on or within easy reach of the Elbe line: sixty to seventy divisions, each somewhat smaller than a division by Western standards. What did we need to maintain an armed peace on the Elbe? Though no definite figure was arrived at—nor could one be arrived at until Eisenhower had surveyed the situation—it was generally agreed that between thirty-five and forty allied divisions would be a proper deterrent to these Soviet forces.

A quick canvass was made around the conference table. France could promise about ten divisions within fourteen months; the United States, five; Britain, five; Canada, Belgium, Holland, Denmark, Norway, perhaps a total of four. Whatever Italy could raise would be needed to guard the southern flank.

Even in this rough check it was clear there was a great gap to be filled. The solution was equally clear: The only untapped source of manpower in the West was the forty-seven-million population of the Federal (Bonn) Republic of Germany.

It fitted perfectly. Everyone knew the Germans were superb soldiers; they had the finest officer cadres, the love of battle, and the proper hatred of the Russians. Even the statistics meshed perfectly. Western Germany had one million three hundred thousand unemployed males, mostly of military age. The only stumbling block (so the conference thought) was France, which quivered at the thought of German rearmament.

But when the meeting ended a momentous announcement was issued—French objections had been overcome. An intricate system of recruiting German combat teams, which would be intermingled among allied units, had won the approval

of French Foreign Minister Robert Schumann.

This precipitated the great untold story.

Diplomatic observation posts all over Europe began palpitating like a seismograph needle in an earthquake area. Some stories about it reached the newspapers, but, as several diplomats have since admitted, none reflected the true gravity of the war crisis. During those two weeks of December the world walked blindfolded on the brink of catastrophe. The Russians were ready to march.

What seemed to us a logical development of Western defense was an emotional nightmare to the Soviets. Ignoring the fact that it had lightly armed but intensively trained one hundred and sixty thousand East German "auxiliary police" the Kremlin immediately dispatched a note to the Western powers asserting it would not "tolerate" the rearmament of Germany. Tolerate is the strongest word in the diplomatic lexicon; even the Russians rarely use it. They did on this occasion, and we know now that they meant it literally.

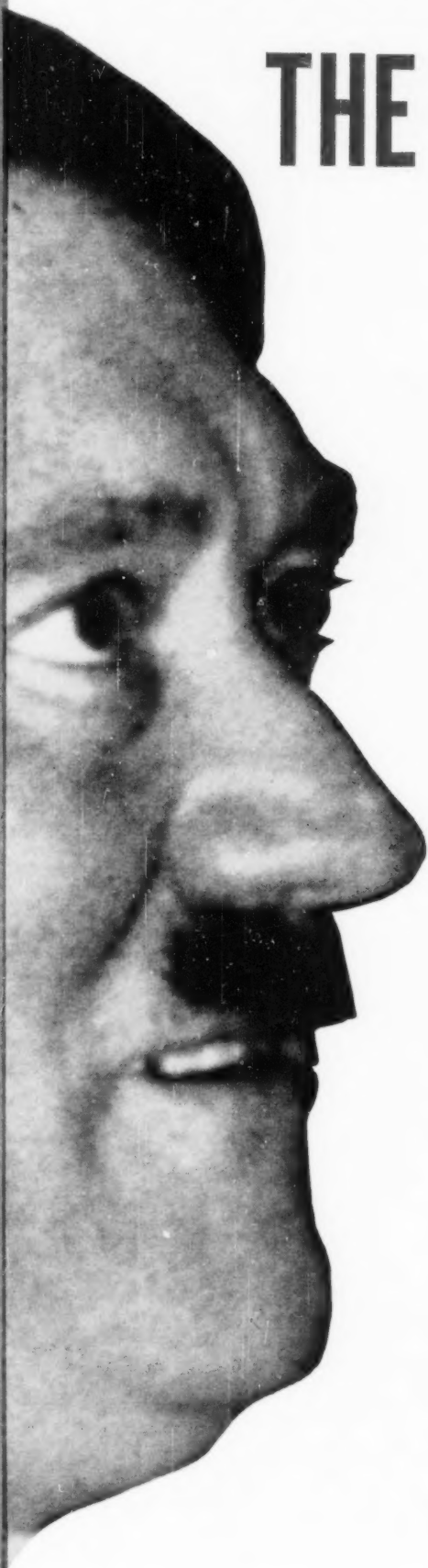
A Western diplomat who recently left Moscow told me about it. "Whatever it is the Politburo may be plotting on the world scene," he said, "the Russian masses have an urge for peace that is fanatical. It would take the most violent reversal of internal propaganda to prepare the masses for aggressive war. Phony as the Kremlin's peace propaganda is it has taken a deep hold on the people. They wouldn't support a military adventure unless it was sold to them on the basis of sheer self-defense.

"There was only one time," he went on, "when I felt the Russian people were ready to go to war. That was after the Brussels decision on western German rearmament. If that decision had been followed through I think the Russian people would have clamored for war. It's a strange thing—well, perhaps not so strange—that the Russian people have a deadly fear of a rearmed Germany. They would go to any lengths to prevent it."

As we know now, the December crisis petered out largely through the reaction of the Germans themselves to the triumphant but fatuous announcement of our diplomats at Brussels. "If you mean us," the Germans said in effect, "you'd better negotiate with us and not among yourselves. Under present conditions we are hardly interested."

Then Eisenhower buried the whole proposal. After visiting Germany in the following January he told a joint meeting of Congress that he would not have Germans

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GREY OWL

THE MAGNIFICENT FRAUD

Archie Belaney, a little English kid with a head full of dreams about Indians and animals, became the fabulous Grey Owl of the Canadian north woods. He lived as an Indian, "married" four times and wrote the books that gave a million boys like Archie stirring dreams of their own





At the height of his fame in 1935, Grey Owl lunched at Grosvenor House with Lord Sempill.



With his deep love and understanding for animals he won the complete confidence of his beaver pets.

By TRENT FRAYNE

THE MORNING of April 13, 1938, broke cold and grey over Prince Albert, a northern Saskatchewan city struggling to rid itself of a long and arduous winter, and just about the time the sharply defined pale-yellow sun cleared the bleak horizon Grey Owl died in one of the town's hospitals.

Grey Owl, as the newspapers of two continents reminded all that day, was the half-breed son of an Apache mother and a Scottish father, who had saved the Canadian beaver from extinction, who had won an international reputation as an author and lecturer, who had animated and romanticized the wilderness of northern Canada for millions of people in England, the United States and even Canada, his adopted country.

In the last ten years of his life Grey Owl was a colorful, romantic, widely publicized figure, standing six feet two in moccasins, his lean body and powerful shoulders encased in a fringed buckskin costume. His sculptured face with its strong chin and long sharp narrow nose was set off startlingly by blue eyes and black hair pulled tightly back in two shoulder-length plaits. Matthew Halton, in an interview with him in England in 1936, said he was "one of the most civilized men I ever met; few white Canadians have raised Canada's prestige so high."

Through his books — gripping human-interest stories of the north — and his lectures in which he pleaded for conservation of wild life and an understanding of the Indian, Grey Owl became a sort of symbol of tolerance. "For goodness sake," he said one time, "don't think I'm one of those animal sentimentalists. I am neither a fanatic nor an evangelist. I merely ask for a dignified approach to the animal world."

His success story was recalled in glowing obituaries that April day in 1938 and then, the day after his death, the *Toronto Star* shouted in a three-line heading on its front page that Grey Owl was really an Englishman who had perpetrated the greatest literary hoax of the century. The London papers picked up the story, calling Grey Owl a fraud, insisting he had four wives.

A trans-Atlantic newspaper controversy developed, the sensational Press quoting people who claimed to have known Grey Owl when first he came to Canada from England in 1907, the more conservative newspapers equally insistent he was at least part Indian. Grey Owl's publishers, Hugh

Eayrs, of Macmillan's in Toronto, and Lovat Dickson, in England, championed their highly successful writer.

Dickson worked for eighteen months trying to find the true story of the man who had written *Pilgrims of the Wild* (which ran through its seventeenth printing), *Tales of an Empty Cabin* (seven printings) and the *Adventures of Sajo and Her Beaver People* (fourteen printings). But from interviews with three of Grey Owl's four wives — or, at least, with three of the women he "married," who were not his legal spouses since he'd never obtained a divorce — from talks with two aunts who had raised him, countless conversations with people who claimed to have known Grey Owl in his early days in Ontario and from documents that included his birth certificate, Dickson discovered unalterable evidence that the fabulous benefactor of the Canadian north was, indeed, an Englishman.

Cold Steel for the Conductor

Grey Owl played the role of an Indian so long that people who knew him say they believe he convinced himself he *was* one. And a wild one, at that; a hard-drinking, hot-tempered man in the late stages of his life. A Macmillan man recalls accompanying the spectacularly garbed Grey Owl into the King Edward Hotel in Toronto for a lecture when he was pestered by a drunk. When the man persisted in bothering Grey Owl, the Chief, as they called him, shoved him halfway across the lobby and dived after him, reaching for the hunting knife he carried at his waist. He was intercepted, insisted he merely wanted to flick the buttons from the lout's vest.

Another time Grey Owl, buying a first-class ticket, moved to the observation car of a train out of North Bay. The conductor, apparently touchy about the social standard of his clientele, ordered Grey Owl from the train in curt language. The Chief refused to budge. The conductor walked to the end of the car, opened the door and insisted Grey Owl leave. The latter reached for his knife, zipped it through the air so that it lodged in the woodwork inches from the conductor's head. He did not leave the train.

What Dickson, who so desperately sought to prove Grey Owl had Indian blood, discovered, then, was that Grey Owl was Archibald Stansfield Belaney, born

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In the style of the nineteenth century actress May Irwin gave her name to this dish of tomatoes, onion, peppers, cucumbers—with a whiff of garlic.

Writer Bannerman (centre), who believes in keeping salads simple, prepares one for friends writer Morley Callaghan, songstress Terry Dale, pianist Oscar Peterson and actress Pegi Brown.



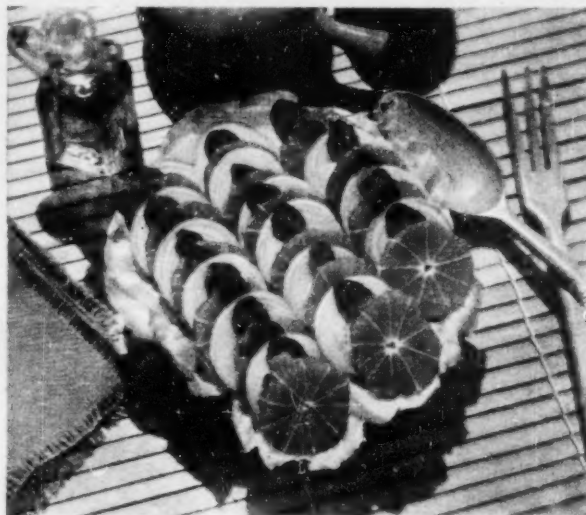
LOOK WHAT THEY'VE DONE TO

Hot potatoes are the secret of ensalada Asturiana, with tiny white onions, pimento, a dash of red pepper and a garnish of hard-boiled eggs.



NOW THEY TAKE WHIPPED CREAM,
FROGS' LEGS, CORNED BEEF HASH
OR EVEN SQUID,
PUT IT IN A NEST OF LETTUCE
AND CALL IT SALAD.
THE EGYPTIANS WHO STARTED IT ALL
WOULD BE BAFFLED

Even flowers get into the act.
Here alternate slices of orange and
onion are separated by nasturtium
leaves. Dress it with oil and vinegar.



TO SALADS

BY JAMES BANNERMAN

PHOTOS BY PAUL ROCKET-PANDA

I'M GOING to start this discussion of salad with the frank admission that although I know what it is, I don't know what it isn't. Nobody does—not any more. Not after the fantastic things that have happened to this once simple dish.

You would probably say, for instance, that corned beef hash isn't salad; but you'd be wrong. Gobs of it on lettuce leaves, smothered in mayonnaise and crisscrossed with strips of pimento, are occasionally dished out as Salad O'Reilly. So, under such coy names as Dawn Goddess, Pretty Shepherdess, and Lady of the Night, are oysters, squid, frogs' legs, roast pheasant, sucking pig, broiled lobster, veal cutlets and brook trout. And so are the innumerable cloying masses of whipped cream, maraschino cherries, stuffed dates, sliced bananas and such which once drove Ogden Nash to write:

I am surprised that the perpetrators haven't got around to putting buttered parsnips in these salmagundis, and the salad course nowadays seems to be a month of sundae!

There are still wistful oldsters who remember when a salad was a salad. But that was before scientists discovered, somewhere around 1890, that salad was good for you. The minute this news got out, women who had formerly served salad once in a while because it tasted nice began serving it constantly, just as they would have served stewed cardboard or anything else that had been officially declared good for you. And pretty soon they made a couple of discoveries of their own.

If salad were made to look sufficiently spectacular, no matter how it tasted and even if it had no particular taste at all, it could be used for inspiring in other women a baffled envy gratifying to watch. And with taste subordinated to appearance it could be made of virtually anything—as long as the makings were so dainty and feminine, and so liberally sprinkled with chopped nuts and blobs of marshmallow and such that the salad course got to be a regular nightmare for any man in his right mind.

Lucullus Wore His Lettuce

The decline and fall of salad dates from that discovery, and women are to blame for it; but, in spite of the fearful things women have done to salad, a lot of Canadian men still like it—when they can get it the way they want it, free of gunk and made for taste rather than appearance. Away down in their misguided little hearts, women probably like it that way too.

They certainly did for the first twenty or thirty centuries of the history of salad, when it was made according to one recipe and one only—plain lettuce, endive, or whatever other green leafy plant happened to be available, fresh-picked and dressed with a little oil and salt. That was how everyone ate it in the days of the Pharaohs and how, apart from rich epicures like Pithyllus, they were still eating it a couple of thousand years later in ancient Greece.

Pithyllus was one of the choosiest eaters who ever lived (he had a special sheath of thin skin made to fit over his tongue so he could swallow extra hot food) but even he wasn't noticeably inventive when it came to salad. According to a cookbook written about sixteen hundred years ago, Pithyllus used to spray the lettuce leaves in his garden with a fermented mixture of honey and water of an evening "and then, when he picked them in the morning, he would say he was eating green cheese cakes which were sent up to him by the earth."

When the civilization of Greece died from having too many characters like him around, it was followed by that of ancient Rome, which had just as many. Yet even Lucullus, a Roman gourmet so infatuated with food that he paid the men who carved his meat the equivalent of \$4,000 a year each, was unimaginative about making salad. But having observed that lettuce was nice refreshing stuff, he sometimes used to wear a wreath of it around his head to keep his brow cool while he gorged.

The barbarians took Rome; the Dark Ages set in, giving place in their turn to the Middle Ages. A thousand years had passed since Lucullus over-ate himself for the last time. Almost everything in the world had changed—but not salad. It was still just plain garden sass, dressed with oil and the salt that gave it its name (salad comes from the Latin *salare*, meaning to sprinkle with salt).

About the time of the first Crusades something new was added—vinegar. With

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MACLEAN'S MARRIAGE CLINIC



Robert Thomas Allen



Eric Nicol



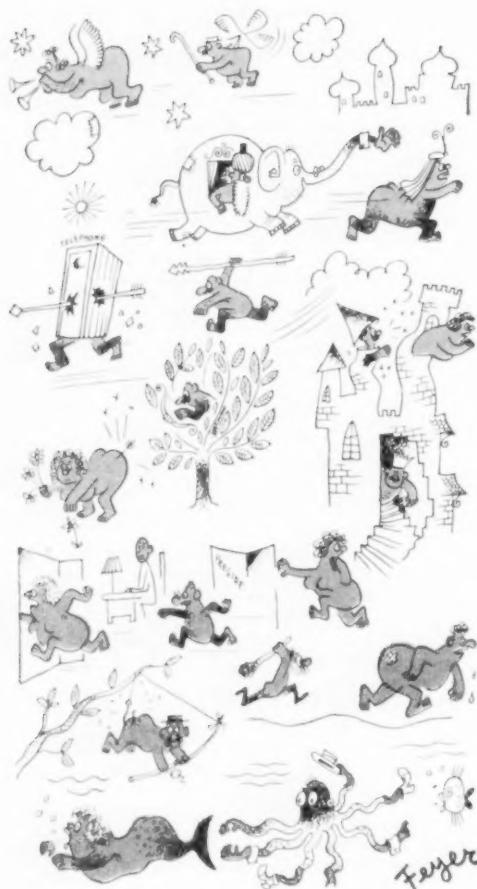
John Largo

The three writers pictured above accepted gravely when we suggested they elect themselves as a Panel of Experts to discuss the unholy state of matrimony, its preliminaries, its troubles and its triumphs. Being men, they were certain that, from their pool of wide experience, they could draw a blueprint for a truce in the battle of the sexes. Also, they told us, they had all read many symposiums on the subject by writers as ill qualified as themselves

DRAWINGS BY GEORGE FEYER

GETTING A WOMAN

By Robert Thomas Allen



EVERY TIME I thumb through one of my wife's magazines these days I come across an article on How to Get a Man. What's the matter? Are men getting hard to get? In my day any girl that showed signs of wanting to get a man would have found herself running too fast to read magazines.

The way I figure it, these articles must be written for a small group of women who are all after the same man—probably some guy who stands six feet two in his polo shoes and clips a coupon with a boyish laugh every time he wants a trip to Sun Valley. For the average guy, who is built closer to the ground and has the personal magnetism of an old sales report, the race is going in the other direction; and if you ask me the editors are getting away from the main point, which is How to Get a Girl.

Any man can do it, if he knows how. Take me, for instance. I started out as the sort of little boy that well-brought-up girls were taught to be little ladies about; and as I grew older I became one of the reasons blind dates went out of fashion. Yet I got a girl. Looking back on how I did it, I realize that one of the first principles I followed was, to dig up an old phrase handed down to me by my grandfather: "Faint heart ne'er won fair lady."

Don't let the scent of mothballs fool you—it's still good advice. It might come as a shock to you, son, but a woman looks out at the world from behind that spell-binding camouflage of eye-shadow and long lashes with the realism of a Faro dealer. Not that she's to blame. She knows with a woman's intuition what's ahead for her. She's watched her

mother work five times as hard as her father, get along on a personal allowance that would make a sitter sneer, and sit alone while Pop was out organizing mixed quartets at the Old Forty-Fourth Old Boys Recreation Centre. And she knows better than you do that life is real and rugged.

She doesn't exactly think of all this as you walk up to her at a party with a tray of anchovies. But she subconsciously knows that any guy who folds up just because, at first sight of him, her smile sags like a damp curl, isn't going to stay the distance when things get rough and the finance company calls for the dining-room suite. On the other hand, she knows that any guy who stays in there pitching (a) probably thinks enough of her to stick around dull evenings, (b) may have enough determination to make something of himself. Women aren't opposed to dull men. They're only opposed to dull men who never get anywhere. They know that most guys who can clip coupons get bald gathering things to clip them off and seldom say anything more brilliant than "You're fired," or maybe "Cash this cheque."

The point is, don't be too quick to rate yourself a flop. On the other hand, don't get over-confident. Remember, she may be more satisfied with you than you think, but that doesn't mean she isn't going to try to improve the situation. A woman picks a man the way she shops: the first article she's shown is just something to keep in mind while she looks around for a better deal. Keep a few tricks in reserve. Don't start telling her the first night that her eyes are like limpid pools of something. As soon as she knows you feel that way she'll go on to find

Continued on page 46

GETTING A MAN

by Eric Nicol



THIS IS NOT the sort of thing I talk about, ordinarily.

The editor of this magazine has asked me, as a bachelor, to say what I think about the spreading pox of articles of advice to women on How to Get a Man. He has asked me to reveal how these articles have affected me in practice.

Well, the truth is, they haven't, much. It's no good trying to lie about it (the editor rejected my first revelation). I wouldn't fool my friends, and they would soon tell everybody else that I was lying.

Naturally, I have read some of the advice-to-manhunter articles myself, so that if a woman tried one of the approved recipes on me I'd know what she was up to. But so far the women I've met and I evidently haven't been reading the same articles. Or they've been reading pretty damn sloppily.

Or possibly they are confused by my lack of resemblance to the young man whose photograph accompanies the articles and who therefore represents the man to be got. He doesn't look anything like me. His shoulders are too broad, his nose is too short and he hasn't nearly as much space between his two front teeth. Little wonder that women are confused. These articles may easily be doing more harm than good.

I must admit, before somebody else points it out, that the woman who tries to get me faces a special problem. This is the result of something that happened to me when I was nineteen and sitting in some bleachers. I was watching a tennis tournament when this very pretty girl a few rows in front of me turned and smiled warmly. I smiled

back, and, emboldened, waved and started to move out of a crowded aisle toward her before I realized that she was smiling at a fellow sitting behind me.

Thus was the bud nipped, the twig bent and, as I remember, the seat lost. To this day, when a woman smiles at me I immediately turn to see who's behind me. Usually there is somebody behind me. When there isn't, by the time I turn my head back the woman is already smiling at some other man.

I am aware that smiling to attract a man is old hat now and that the modern approach is a show of complete indifference. This is the gospel according to many women's magazines and a source of comfort to me as well. I have been much more successful inspiring indifference than I was drawing smiles, and feel that at last my deep-breathing exercises are beginning to pay off. Lately several women have been superbly indifferent to me—so much so that only an expert could have told that they were really trying to lure me on. One of them blew cigarette smoke in my face for an hour while she talked to someone else. Another crosses the street if she sees me coming, and I'm afraid that her infatuation with me may drive her to some extravagant display of phlegm, such as moving to another neighborhood. I think perhaps the women's magazines should say something about carrying indifference too far.

This does not mean that I endorse that other popular bit of advice to man-minded women: "Discover his interests and try to share them." I recently took to dinner a young lady who displayed a lively interest in my writing. I naturally assumed that she was after

Continued on page 51

KEEPING HIM OR HER

by John Largo



WHENEVER people start talking, wistfully, about how to be happy during marriage, I always think of my Uncle Seldom, who married Aunt Mabel. Uncle Seldom was a very agreeable man, for a Largo, but he had one peculiarity: he collected old auto license plates.

Sometimes in the evening, when the moon was full, Uncle Seldom would bring out his collection and spread it over the living-room floor, with the overflow on top of the piano. It always brought out the beast in Aunt Mabel.

"Sometimes I wonder why I married you," she would open the bidding. "You think more of those old license plates than of me, I do believe."

"Well," Uncle Seldom would point out, "some of them are very rare. You take this Newfoundland '25, for instance . . ."

Any sociologist above the rank of corporal will understand why those two were so happily married. Uncle Seldom had a fine, wholesome hobby which kept his mind off his wife, while Aunt Mabel had a legitimate source of complaint. That's really all you need.

Conversely—as the Viennese marriage counselor Dr. Kuppenheimer points out—a couple who have only each other are headed straight for trouble, and no holds barred. Take a pair of human budgerigars of my acquaintance named Foster—a love match if I ever saw one.

As soon as he arrived at their little hutch, Mr. Foster would holler, "Darling, I'm home!"

"Darling, is that you?" Mrs. Foster would scream happily.

"Yes, sweetheart, it's me!" Foster would carol back, to leave no doubt about it.

Most of their dialogue was like that, except for the substitution of such terms as "honeybunny," "puppywuppy," "snookums" of course, and even "marzipanzy." The latter was presumably Mr. Foster's recognition of his wife's toothsome qualities.

Well, sir, at parties the two would sit side by side and cuddle up. If you asked them around to dinner and tried to separate this pulsating pair, you'd have on your hands a scene of heartrending pathos not equaled since Charlie Chaplin tried to eat his boots in *The Gold Rush*.

I gave them six months but, driven no doubt by their great love for each other, they stuck it out for seven. By that time they had exhausted the resources of five thesauruses in their hunt for new terms of endearment and used up enough energy to keep four stevedores going for thirty years.

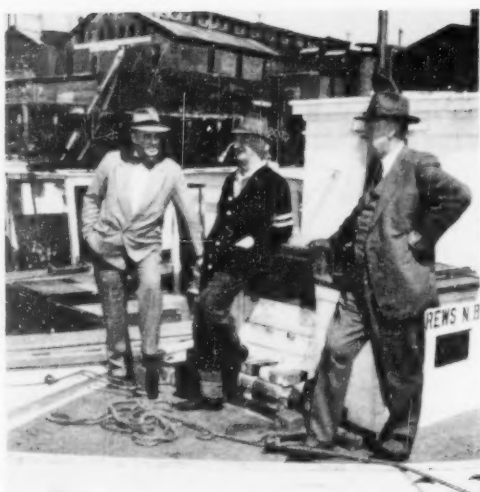
Winston Churchill touched on this particular marriage problem when he stated that he and his wife, Clemmie, habitually breakfasted separately.

"My wife and I," Churchill said, "tried two or three times in the last forty years to have breakfast together, but it was so disagreeable we had to stop; or our marriage would have been wrecked."

Certainly, no husband should be exposed to the sight of his wife at breakfast. But I'd go further. I feel that he shouldn't see her at lunch, either—or, for that matter, at dinner. I'd make exceptions only for special occasions like anniversaries and birthdays, when a certain amount of fraternization might be permitted.

A good way to keep husband and wife separated as much as possible

Continued on page 51



The two McLeans (Dr. Allan, left; Senator Neil, right) have owned Black's Harbor for more than thirty years. Centre: Captain Syd. Thompson.

THE FISH THAT PAID FOR A TOWN

Two brothers with big ideas for little fish changed Black's Harbor, N.B., from a tarpaper hamlet to a unique prosperous town where you can rent a six-room bungalow for fourteen dollars a month

By IAN SCLANDERS

Once derided as Little Russia, the town today has fine homes. There's no mayor and no taxes.



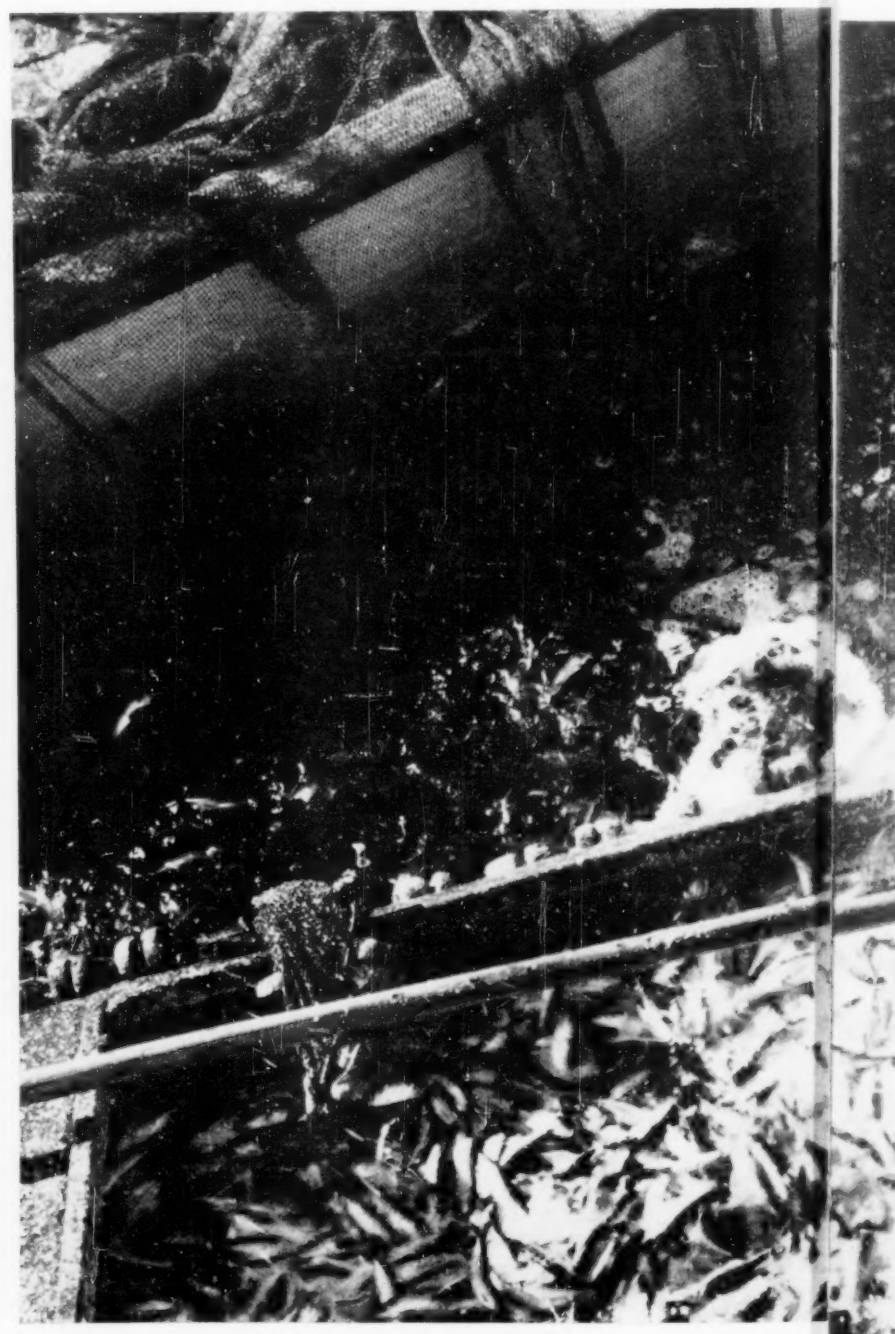
NESTLING in a finger of the Bay of Fundy there is a neat pleasant town of two thousand people where you can rent a six-room bungalow for fourteen dollars a month, buy milk for fifteen cents a quart, get bed and board in a hotel for a dollar a day, and obtain the main course of the family dinner free.

Billions of fish named *Clupea harengus* and two men named McLean are responsible for these and other things which make Black's Harbor, New Brunswick, unique among Canadian communities.

They have turned it from a desolate settlement of tents and tarpaper shacks into a sort of poor man's Shangri-la. Here, although only the McLeans are really rich, everybody lives well for less than it would cost in most parts of the western hemisphere.

Clupea harengus—let's just call them sardines—and the McLeans have built one of the biggest seafood canneries in the world, a department store, a theatre, a bowling alley, a restaurant, a sawmill, a woodworking plant, a shipyard, a dairy, a garage, more than three hundred houses and a hospital. Together they installed the water and electric systems and paved the streets. They pay the two policemen and the garbage collector, finance the fire department, maintain a fleet of two dozen vessels, publish a weekly newspaper.

It's their town. They created it and employ all its residents except the schoolteachers and clergymen and the staff of the bank. It couldn't exist without the fish. Without Senator A. Neil McLean and Allan M. A. McLean it wouldn't have been developed.



Black's Harbor is only a seaswept dot on the map but it helps feed half a hundred countries and brings seven million dollars a year into New Brunswick. In 1950 it crosspiled 490 million sardines in 70 million oblong tins. Besides being sold throughout Canada, these were exported to markets which ranged, alphabetically, from Aden to Zanzibar.

They were served in famous restaurants as hors d'oeuvres. From Newfoundland to British Columbia they were an important item in the dinner pails of scores of thousands of workers. Fiji Islanders ate them; they were so vital to the diet of West Indians that they were virtually exempted from import restrictions; and they were in brisk demand in the Latin American republics.

Its Prosperity Has Spread

They were shipped in quantity to Singapore and Hong Kong. A missionary who dined on them high in India's Himalayas wrote a letter of appreciation. While Norwegians were sending sardines to Canada, many a housewife in Sweden, Norway's next-door neighbor, shopped for the Black's Harbor product.

The company which carries on this international trade is still called Connors Brothers Ltd., after two old fishermen who founded it long ago in a modest way. The McLeans have controlled the concern and owned Black's Harbor for thirty years, and the annual output is now seventy times what it was when they took over.

Under them, Black's Harbor has been a successful experiment in combining raw material, brains, muscles, capital and research. It has spread prosperity through the whole surrounding district. Yet salty individualists born and bred on the sardine shore once dubbed it Little Russia, said you couldn't keep your liberty if your boss was also your landlord, and contended that the McLeans wanted to be dictators. This prejudice has since evaporated.

Neil McLean, president of Connors Brothers, is a tall man in his early sixties. His hair is thinning and his shoulders are slightly stooped but he looks youthful. He speaks with a slow drawl and punctuates his conversation with homely phrases and anecdotes.

He's a Liberal Party stalwart in the Maritimes but could be mistaken for a champion of Social Credit when he discusses monetary reform, his favorite subject. He claims that there should be no lack of work, no poverty, in a land with fisheries, forests, fields and mines, and his own operations indicate that this can be a practical theory. His home and office are in Saint John, but he's in Black's Harbor, fifty miles distant, every other day.

Allan McLean, managing director of the firm, lives at Black's Harbor in a big white house on a hill. Pressing sixty, he's a dark handsome man with a fondness for horses, dogs and purebred cattle.

Fishermen and cannery hands formerly addressed the McLeans as "Mr. Neil" and "Mr. Allan." Then Neil was appointed to the Senate after being Canada's fish administrator during World War II, and Allan received an honorary degree of doctor of laws from

Continued on page 30



Nowhere else on earth are the sardines so plentiful, and the McLeans will pack half a billion this year.

FULL HOUSE ON KINGS



Here's the high echelon of Estoril's royal society: Spain's Count and Countess of Barcelona (in car), France's Countess and Count of Paris and Italy's Umberto, who actually ruled as a king for a month.

The climate is kind and prices are low in Portugal's Estoril, the home in exile of aristocrats whose fading names are part of Europe's long sad history. The throneless Umberto of Italy rules a little society that sometimes snubs Carol and the once-glamorous Magda Lupescu

By MORTON HUNT

Photos by Howard Byrne

THE LITTLE TOWN of Estoril in Portugal boasts what may be Europe's oddest industry: it plays host to displaced kings and queens.

At first glance, from your ship steaming up the mouth of the Tagus to Lisbon, you wouldn't see much that is unusual. Sprawling up the hills from the deep-blue ocean, Portugal's "little Monte Carlo" consists mainly of clustered white, yellow, and pink houses in the Mediterranean style, though the Mediterranean is two hundred miles away. There are several hotels, a palm-lined park, a gambling casino, a seaside promenade and cafe, a golf course. What makes Estoril (pronounced shoo-reel) unique is the fact that it has the highest per capita concentration of European ex-kings, would-be kings, dukes, counts, marquises, and so on, to be found in the world.

The all-star cast is topped by two bona fide ex-kings of European monarchies, Carol of Rumania and Umberto of Italy. Almost as good as kings, in the indulgent eyes of Estoril society, are two pretenders to European thrones, Count of Paris (pretender to the non-existent French throne) and the Count of Barcelona (pretender to the vacant, but legally existing, Spanish throne). A frequent visitor to the town is the Archduke Otto of Hapsburg, who would inherit the Hungarian crown if there were one.

Otto's cousin, another local resident but not a pretender, is the Archduke Joseph Franz, also of the house of Hapsburg. Neither pretender nor royal, the aged Admiral Nicholas Horthy, likewise in Estoril, was Hungary's regent and dictator for more than two decades.

Acting as extras and supers to this glittering list is an imposing collection of lesser nobility, including one Russian princess, one German baroness, a dozen assorted Spanish, French, and Italian titled persons, and nearly a hundred Portuguese nobles who range from dukes on down through marquises, barons (a high rank in Portugal), counts, viscounts, and doms.

Although Portuguese nobles have been collecting

in Estoril for two decades, the royal DPs are a postwar commodity. Estoril, a resort almost unknown to the average American, has become their haven for a number of good reasons. For one thing, Dr. Antonio de Oliveira Salazar, Portugal's prime minister, has been far more friendly to them than most heads of other European governments. For another, although Estoril lies

The Countess of Barcelona rates a lady-in-waiting, and sometimes gets the courtesy title Queen Marie.



on the Atlantic, its climate is much like that of the French Riviera. Estoril is comfortably sunbaked a good part of the year, and its winter cold is about like April in Montreal. Well equipped for such kingly and ex-kingly occupations as sailing, golfing, shooting, riding, and socializing, it has the double advantage—for DP budgets—of being cheap. House servants in Estoril, for instance, can be hired full time for the equivalent of twelve dollars a month. Even a king living off his savings can keep things fairly stylish at that rate. A leisurely dinner at the Casino, with wine, a dance orchestra and a floor show can cost as little as \$1.75, tips included, so that even a rather threadbare viscount can avoid taking a regular job, yet make a decent appearance from time to time.

First of the royal exiles to move into Estoril was Don Juan, the Count of Barcelona, who came from Switzerland in 1946. The Count happens to be financially well-off, and Estoril appealed to him more because of its nearness to Spain than its cheapness. Don Juan, a husky, strong-faced, dark-haired man of thirty-seven, is the son of Alfonso XIII, King of Spain who fled his country in 1931. Don Juan has never been a king, but Spain still has legal room for one, for a law Franco rammed through in 1947 gave the *Caudillo* the right to name the king or regent who would succeed him.

Whether Don Juan will ever be that person is another matter. For years, traveling Spaniards carried messages between him and active monarchist circles in Spain. Recently Franco, fearful about his shaky regime, decided to do a bit of high-level dickering with Don Juan about the future, hoping to win monarchist support. With great secrecy, Franco sailed from a Spanish port in his yacht, while Don Juan put forth in his from Cascais, near Estoril. At an undisclosed place, possibly out in the Atlantic, they met and had a formal pow-wow. No one knows exactly what went on, but the accepted belief is that Don Juan, a bluff, hearty, rather Anglicized man, didn't get along with the Spanish dictator.



The Count of Paris runs a dairy farm to support his eleven children. Until last year he was barred from France.

But Franco may have agreed that Don Juan's eldest son, a tow-headed boy also named Juan, would be the eventual king of Spain. At any rate, young Juan has been going to school in Spain for two years and would seem to be getting groomed for an eventual kingship. If either young Juan, or his father Don Juan, does get back the throne, he will be carrying on a family tradition nearly eleven hundred years old, for since 888 A.D. the Bourbon family has furnished thirty-seven kings of France, seventeen kings of Spain, twenty-nine kings of Portugal, twenty-one kings of Naples, thirteen kings of Hungary, and four emperors of the Holy Roman Empire.

Father or son, however, can expect token opposition from Don Juan's older brother, Don Jaime, Duke of Segovia. Don Jaime used to have the right of succession, but being congenitally deaf and dumb he once waived that right in favor of Don Juan. Nowadays he repudiates the waiver, and considers himself the rightful successor.

Don Juan, however, is obviously the man Franco intends to do business with. An accredited Spanish diplomat, Ramon Padilla, is assigned full-time as a kind of unofficial ambassador to Don Juan. Padilla acts as the Count's aide-de-camp, calling on him each morning at his house, fending off unwelcome visitors, arranging appointments, and acting as a buffer between the Count and the world. The Countess likewise rates an unofficial lady-in-waiting. Every month a different Spanish noblewoman comes to Estoril and puts up at the Palacio Hotel. In the morning the Countess picks her up in a station wagon and takes her up the hill to spend the day.

Don Juan, Dona Maria, and their children, aides, secretaries, and servants, make their headquarters in a big modern-looking white house on a hill overlooking the ocean and the long curve of the land. The house is one of the largest in Estoril; in fact it used to be the clubhouse of the golf course, which is particularly appropriate because Don Juan is an enthusiastic and excellent golfer.

Also, appropriately enough, it is located on a street called *Rua Inglaterra*—England Street. Don Juan has spent much time in England and was an officer in the Royal Navy at one time. Like many another tar, he has tattoos upon his husky arms and chest, and he enjoys a convivial nip, a good joke and a loud laugh. Friends are wary of the Count's heavy hand, which is apt to descend in a friendly whack on one's back with bone-jarring force, and once put a friend in bed for a week.



Ex-King Carol's Magda calls herself Princess Helena but receives few visits from Estoril's royalty.

Juan's favorite pastime is yachting. A wealthy Spanish monarchist considers it a privilege to be allowed to lend the Count a fine, clean-lined yacht named *Saltillo*, in which Juan beats his way around the coast, sitting at the tiller, tanned and husky, and not at all king-like.

Another royal exile in Estoril is a short, neatly made, dark-haired Frenchman—the Count de Paris, pretender to a throne which has not existed since 1870 but which is considered his rightful property by the dwindling little clique of French monarchists. Descended from Louis Philippe, the Count was brought up by his father, the Duke de Guise, to believe in his absolute right to the throne. On the mantle of his lovely sprawling farmhouse a few miles back in the hills from Estoril, he keeps a bowlful of the sacred soil of France. The rest of its soil was until last year legally off bounds to him under a French decree of 1886 which forbade his family to enter France.

The Count of Paris is a good horseman and occasionally rides after the greyhounds in the lightning-swift Portuguese hare hunt. But he is really not much interested in sport and social amusements. A thrifty Frenchman, he has husbanded his small fortune with care. He has a farm in the rocky hills behind Estoril, and spends most of his time in overalls, or baggy trousers, and muddy shoes, supervising its operation. Milk and butter from the Count's cows grace the tables of Estoril's hotels and help keep his budget balanced.

The Count and Countess have no problem on how to fill their spare time. Their children take care of that—for the pair have produced a bumper crop of eleven. Even so, the Countess at forty remains fairly slim, quite attractive-looking and an expert horsewoman and water-skier.

Last year the French Assembly, apparently feeling that the republic had nothing to fear from the Count, revoked the law forbidding the pretender to enter France. In recent months he has spent much time in France shopping around for a chateau cheap.

Continued on page 32

KOREAN

SKETCHBOOK

By **PIERRE BERTON**
MACLEAN'S ARTICLE EDITOR



THESE SKETCHES were scribbled into my notebook in the South Korean cities of Suwon, Taegu and Pusan where humanity swirls by in eddies and torrents. As I sketched I was surrounded by dozens of chattering children who peered at my work and made comments in Korean. Two of them are shown at the bottom of the page. When I drew the little girl several small boys shouted "Number One—O-kay!" which meant they liked it.

The soldier at the bottom right is waiting at the Suwon airport for a plane to Taegu. I waited with him and so did the ROK army officer at the top right. We each waited about three hours, which is par for the course.

The old man in the funny hat, bottom left, is the only kind of Korean who doesn't carry a load. That "birdcage hat" means he's retired and has a son to support him. Like most Koreans his garments were white (it's also the color of death) and they were spotlessly clean.

That curious contrivance at the upper left is an A-frame. It's made from the forks of two branches joined together, and with it a workman can carry a staggering load. It's the universal carrier in Korea and many a soldier has wished he had one for his own kit. The thing makes a pretty good seat, too, as you can see.

I saw a lot of men sitting down in Korea—as the philosopher at the right—but never any women. In Korea the men seem to use their brains. The women use their heads. Almost all of them carry a bundle on their head and a child on their back, slung in a khaki blanket or a faded mauve quilt which is wrapped about the mother's midriff and tied tightly with a cord. There just aren't any baby sitters in the country. In Korea it's the babies who do the sitting. ★

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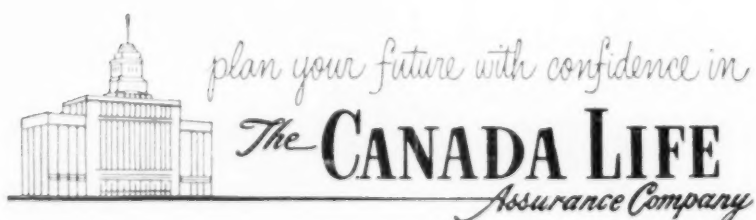
The man who said:

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IN THE *Editors'* CONFIDENCE



BILL



JENNIFER



JUNE

Robert Thomas Allen, whose verbal duels with Mrs. Allen occasionally enliven these pages, is back from sunny Florida and now living near Georgian Bay, Ont. Bob says he's writing five funny pieces for us . . . Eric Nicol, sometimes known as Jabez, who joins Allen in the Maclean's Marriage Clinic on pages 18 and 19, is back in Canada from Europe where he alternated between the Sorbonne and writing a master's thesis and the BBC, where he wrote comedy scripts for Bernie Braden, the Canadian actor who has, by all reports, captured the British airwaves. Nicol dropped off at Banff to pick up the Governor-General's Award for humor at the Canadian Authors' Association convention, then went on to his home town of Vancouver where he, too, is writing five funny pieces for us, he says . . .

• Trent Frayne, whose friends call him Bill, completed the Flashback on Grey Owl (pages 14 and 15) between baseball games. He's with the Toronto Telegram sports staff . . . June Callwood's byline will be back in the magazine soon. She took time off to have a baby — her third, name of Jennifer. She's Mrs. Trent Frayne . . . James Bannerman, the salad expert, seldom wears a white shirt. The blue number on page 16 is slightly more subdued than the magenta he usually sports. You can hear him twice weekly on the CBC, introducing Wednesday Night on Wednesday night and answering a quizmaster on Now I Ask You on Friday night. . . . Lionel Shapiro and Blair Fraser are both back on these shores again. Between the two of them they managed to cover most of Europe for Maclean's. Shapiro's latest piece on Germany is on page 13. He's working on a new novel . . . Ian MacNeill, who tells you about the mosquito menace in the north (page 12), is an old hand at outdoor reporting. You'll remember

his articles for us on the caribou (Schmoo of the North, Nov. 1, 1950). He has a Flashback on the Great Reindeer Trek of the early thirties coming up. Ian works for a public-relations firm in Toronto . . .

• Assistant Editor McKenzie Porter is back from his first trip to the Canadian prairies with a lively yarn on Jessica Coulter, wife of Winnipeg's mayor (pages 8 and 9). We asked Porter his impressions. He says: "Quite frankly I was very surprised. The impression I had from reading was that the prairies were a vast brown plain stretching sort of endlessly — you know, to the horizon, dotted very sparsely with old wooden houses. Instead I found fairly rolling country, lots of trees, and quite green, too. The Qu'Appelle Valley for instance — a beautiful, amazing place, all very refreshing." Porter also says Saskatoon's the prettiest city he's seen in Canada.

Ian Sclanders, our Maritime editor, who writes about Black's Harbor and its sardines on page 20, ordered fish at a Toronto luncheon recently. He insists that he likes it.

THE COVER



EVERY spring, Oscar gets around to thinking about a summer cover for us. This time, after racking his brain for some days, he decided he'd just paint all the things he likes about summer and put them together in one package. We liked all these things too.



BACK IN TWO WEEKS

Loafing around his summer cottage with the grasshoppers and minnows Bob longs for the trill of a typist's tongue and the wide padded shoulders of his pin-stripe suit

By ROBERT THOMAS ALLEN

THE theory of summer holidays—that for two weeks I am going to abandon all my cares—is like saying that for two weeks I am going to make ten thousand dollars a week. If I could do it for two weeks I'd do it for fifty-two.

Life's not so simple. You can't just take a man away from his gas bills, insurance premiums and income taxes, plop him down among some trees and say: "Now, be happy until the morning of the seventeenth at nine o'clock." It's like loosening an old plumbing joint. It may need repairs but the rust is helping to keep it together. Once you break the corrosion it falls apart.

The first Monday, when all the other husbands have gone back to work, I go out to my lawn chair to start enjoying my holidays. After about five minutes I begin to throw little pebbles in the air. I feel oddly detached from the rest of mankind. I feel as if I've broken loose from my moorings in time and space. I wander down to watch the petunias growing. A little boy comes over and watches me. I don't know who this little boy is. He comes over every year, dragging a stick. We both stare at one another. It's very quiet. There is just me, the little boy and the solar system.

I say, "Hello."

The little boy backs off and disappears into a bush.

I am alone again among the leaves and the *p-s-s-s-s-t!* of grasshoppers. Pretty soon I am saying *p-s-s-s-s-t!* back at them. This alarms me and I get up and wander down to the dock. Nobody is there except two dead crayfish and a lot of little minnows darting around the dock on who knows what business of their own.

I think of the boys back in the city having their morning coffee session, talking about yesterday's baseball scores. I long to hear a cop's whistle and to get pressed close to my fellow man in a crowd.

I realize this is not what you are supposed to do on summer holidays and I attempt a rally. "Oh boy!" I tell myself. "No worries about dictation,

memos or getting up early in the morning!"

I immediately find myself worrying about things I haven't thought of since I was a boy scout. I wonder what I'd do if I met a grizzly bear on a mountain trail. Would I kill it with my bare hands or start to cry? I worry about whether my nose is too long, about going bald, losing my teeth, getting varicose veins, and about being falsely accused of a murder.

What Shape is a Millionaire?

A few days of this and a trip to the local post office is as exciting as a round trip to the World Series with Jean Simmons. But even this contact with familiar things lacks any lasting basis. The young people lounging around the post office are as brown as berries, and the youths look like those young men you see in advertisements hanging from the mainsails of sloops, whereas I just look like a plump middle-aged man in shorts with glasses and pink legs. In the city my pin-stripe suit and padded shoulders carry a certain amount of dignity. After all, I *might* be a millionaire. At the cottage, if I'm a millionaire it doesn't matter. Nothing would make up for my shape.

All this explains why a lot of men on holidays make desperate efforts to keep occupied. I've seen them change the position of outhouses that were good for another five years, dig holes so deep that they would hardly be heard when they called up to ask what time supper would be ready, move whole flower beds, tear down docks, build them up again, and talk about moving the lake back two feet.

A lot of men have learned that serenity and composure are a state of mind, not a summer subdivision; and that life without a struggle doesn't always mean happiness. It explains, too, why every year I come back from my holidays the way most people start on theirs: full of bounce and good spirits, and glad I'm leaving it all behind. ★



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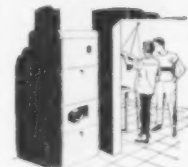
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Macleans MOVIES

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AS YOUNG AS YOU FEEL: A highly promising comic idea is sadly weakened by unimaginative scripting and routine direction in this mildly amusing yarn. It's about an eloquent old printer (Monty Woolley) who impersonates an industrial baron and makes a speech which electrifies the country. The able cast includes Thelma Ritter as his sharp-tongued daughter-in-law, but her talents are wasted.

THE DANCING YEARS: There are some pleasant moments in this British musical, based on the Ivor Novello stage success, but there are also a lot of dull ones. Dennis Price and Gisele Preville are starred in a romance of Old Vienna. The music itself reminds me of watered-down Strauss... which is something like diluted champagne.

GO FOR BROKE! One of the most interesting war movies of the season, and definitely an item you should see. It's about the loyal Japanese-Americans, or Nisei, who bravely defended democracy against Hitler while their families back home were behind the barbed wire of internment camps. An honest, funny, stirring and thoughtful film.

GOODBYE, MY FANCY: Joan Crawford's somewhat glacial concept of a warm-hearted congresswoman is a handicap to this slick but unsatisfying Hollywood treatment of a Broadway play. The lady returns to her alma mater and is shocked to find corruption and cynicism flourishing behind the iced walls.

THE GREAT CARUSO: An enjoyable operatic musical, offering the ebullient Mario Lanza in a "simplified" biography of the immortal Italian tenor.

Not even the electronic falsies rigged up by the recording engineers can make Lanza sound like Caruso, but he sounds pretty good just the same — and he sings his head off from start to finish of this 109-minute opus. Ann Blyth is Enrico's wife, Dorothy.

THE PRINCE OF PEACE: The sublime story of the passion and death of Jesus Christ is curiously served in this bumbling, amateurish filmization of an Easter pageant held annually in the town of Lawton, Oklahoma.

THE RECKLESS MOMENT: A pretentious, over-solemn melodrama about a noble blackmailer (James Mason) and a distracted mother (Joan Bennett) whose teen-age daughter is in a nasty jam because she wrote some love-letters to a murdered man. One or two vivid and persuasive incidents help to redeem this one from total mediocrity.

TAKE CARE OF MY LITTLE GIRL: Peggy Goodin's novel about the snobbish and petty sadism of modern college sororities has been transferred to the screen with a good deal of polish and humor, although the satire rarely runs deep and most of the characterizations are thinly conceived. Jeanne Crain and a ruggedly impressive newcomer named Dale Robertson are in the large and handsome cast.

THE THING: A "science fiction" yarn, and a good one, in which a man-shaped, gigantic super-vegetable from outer space invades our planet. This story, unlike most of its weird predecessors, has a gallery of fairly plausible humans to offset the grotesquerie of its Strange Visitor; and I defy just about anybody to be bored by the spine-tingling finale.

GILMOUR RATES

Ace in the Hole: Satiric drama. Tops.
All About Eve: Satiric comedy. Tops.
Along the Great Divide: Western. Poor.
Appointment With Danger: Crime. Good.
Bedtime for Bonzo: Comedy. Fair.
Bird of Paradise: Tropical love. Fair.
Born Yesterday: Comedy. Excellent.
Brave Bulls: Matador drama. Fair.
Broken Arrow: Western. Good.
Bullfighter & the Lady: Drama. Fair.
Clouded Yellow: Suspense. Good.
The Company She Keeps: Drama. Fair.
Cry Danger: Crime drama. Fair.
Cyrano de Bergerac: Drama. Fair.
The Enforcer: Crime drama. Good.
Father's Little Dividend: Comedy. Good.
Flying Missile: Submarine drama. Fair.
Follow the Sun: Golf drama. Good.
4 Steps in the Clouds: Italian comedy-drama. Good.
Fourteen Hours: Suspense. Excellent.
Half Angel: Light whimsy. Poor.
Halls of Montezuma: War. Good.
Harvey: Fantastic comedy. Good.
Highly Dangerous: Spy drama. Fair.
House on Telegraph Hill: Drama. Fair.
I Can Get It for You Wholesale: Sly, satiric comedy-drama. Fair.
Inside the Walls of Folsom Prison: Jail-break melodrama. Fair.
The Jackpot: Comedy. Good.
Katie Did It: Comedy. Fair.
Kim: Kipling adventure. Good.
King Solomon's Mines: Safari. Tops.

Last Holiday: Tragi-comedy. Good.
The Lawless: Suspense drama. Good.
Lemon Drop Kid: Bob Hope farce. Fair.
Lucky Nick Cain: Melodrama. Fair.
Lullaby of Broadway: Musical. Fair.
M: Neurotic murder tale. Fair.
Mad Wednesday: Comedy. Good.
The Magnet: British comedy. Good.
Man on the Run: Suspense. Poor.
Mating Season: Comedy. Good.
Mister 880: Comedy. Excellent.
Movie Crazy (reissue): Comedy. Good.
The Mudlark: Comedy drama. Good.
Mystery Street: Crime. Excellent.
Odette: Espionage drama. Fair.
Of Men & Music: Film concert. Good.
Only the Valiant: Western. Good.
Outrage: Rope melodrama. Fair.
Payment on Demand: Drama. Fair.
Rawhide: Suspense western. Good.
Royal Wedding: Asfaire musical. Good.
7 Days to Noon: Atom drama. Good.
Soldiers 3: Military comedy. Fair.
Storm Warning: Mob drama. Good.
13th Letter: Quebec drama. Good.
Tomahawk: Redskin western. Fair.
Trio: 3 comedy-dramas. Excellent.
Up Front: War comedy. Fair.
Up in Arms (reissue): Danny Kaye musical comedy. Excellent.
Valentino: Romantic biography. Poor.
Vengeance Valley: Western. Good.
Women Without Names: DP drama. Fair.
You're in the Navy Now: Comedy. Good.



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London Letter

Continued from page 4

It was a matter of some importance that a man who has concentrated so long on foreign affairs should have chosen the empire and commonwealth as his theme.

In developing his speech he came to the question of emigration. He declared what so many of us have believed for years, that there is neither sanity nor safety in maintaining an overcrowded Britain with under-populated dominions. He said that it was a mistake to allow currency restrictions to stand in the way of Britons emigrating to Canada.

"A man going to Canada," he said, "can take a total of one thousand pounds but only at the rate of two hundred and fifty a year. How can he start anything with so paltry an amount?" Then he coined a phrase almost worthy of Churchill. "Men are more important than money," he cried, and we all cheered.

But although the speech was developing along sound traditional lines I could not quite understand what was in the back of his mind. He was covering familiar ground and supplying very little in the way of headlines to the hungry pack of reporters at their table. Yet I know him so well that I was certain he had some special pronouncement which he would make at the appropriate moment. So it proved.

"I want now," he said, "to turn to the free nations of Western Europe." He pointed out that isolation, even if desirable, had become an impossible policy for Britain. No longer could the Channel be regarded as a moat which could guard our island fortress against attack. Britain was the heart of the commonwealth and must form her policies in sympathy with our kinsmen overseas, but Britain was also tied to the fortunes and misfortunes of Western Europe. It was not enough, he argued, to have an Atlantic union for defense. If we were to win the war against Communism then Western Europe must be given economic health—but she could not achieve it by herself. Where was she to find it?

The obvious answer, Eden said, was in closer alignment with the primary-producing countries overseas. In other words, the sterling bloc was the one world-wide trading unit which could remove the claustrophobia which has cursed Europe in the past. Those were not his exact words but in condensing them I have retained his meaning.

Wisely and with understandable caution he explained that there would have to be degrees of priorities and that the interests of the original shareholders should not be endangered, but he felt that the time had come when the sterling area should be expanded, even though Canada's participation might have to be limited because of her dollar currency.

That was obviously what Eden had come to say. It was not the kind of speech to inflame the crowd but he has never pretended to be a rabble rouser. Whether his policy be right or wrong I have never seen Eden look so much like a prime minister.

A fortnight later I received an invitation to dine at Claridges with the Commonwealth delegates of the European League for Economic Co-operation. This was something new, at any rate to me, and, although at this time of the year in London one wearies of dining at what Lord Birkenhead called "the public trough," I accepted.

It was a colorful gathering in more ways than one. During the cocktail period before the dinner I talked with

three delegates from Pakistan, who were wearing their national costume of jodhpurs, long jackets and small caps.

Ken Wilson of the Financial Post was a Canadian delegate, and there is not much Mr. Wilson misses. There were Australians, New Zealanders and South Africans with minds well at the alert, and of course there was an American observer.

Harold Macmillan, one of our Conservative leaders, spoke and put much the same case as Eden. Then came the delegate from India. Believe me he did not gush.

"You must excuse us," he said, "if we are not very much impressed by the boasted Christian civilization of the British. It is not Christianity which makes us grateful to Britain." There was an ominous silence, for it has long been a taunt of our critics that the British spread across the seas when the world was younger than it is today and conquered with the Bible in one hand and a sword in the other. But just then the speaker's tone changed.

"What we owe to Britain," he said, "is the law that she has given to the world, the wisdom of parliaments, the genius of her poets, the tolerance that allows men to differ with each other and not to come to hatred. Whatever course India pursues she has a historic debt to Britain."

Maybe an American Bar

It was unexpected, dramatic and moving. There was no emotion in the Indian's voice; he spoke more like a historian determined to establish the truth against the prejudice of contemporary events. Then, in conclusion, he too declared that the future of Western Europe was a concern of the whole civilized world.

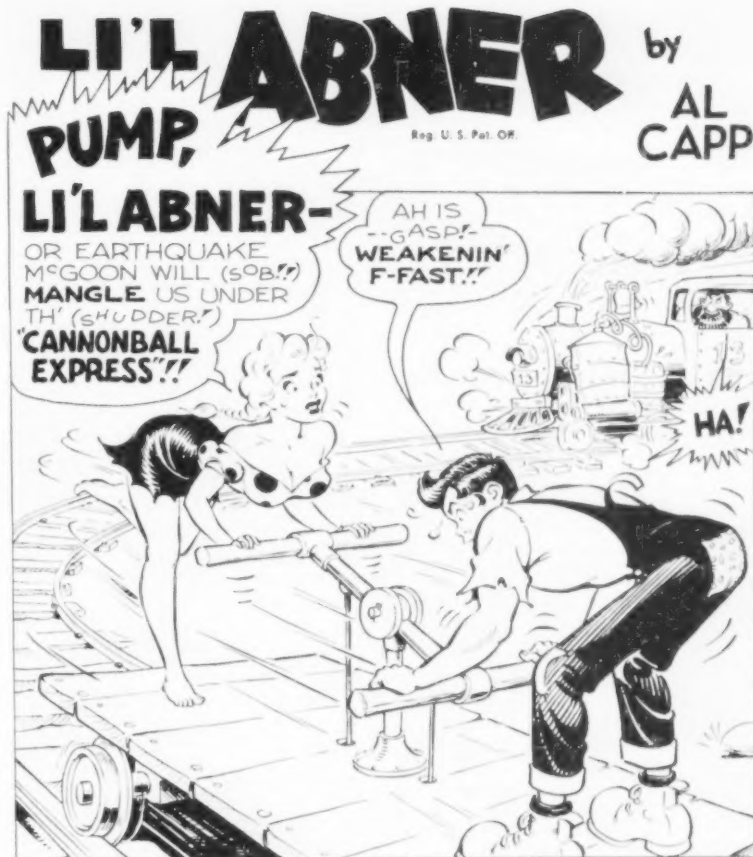
When the affair had ended I walked home in the chill bracing air of a summer's evening and found myself irresistibly reminded of an evening ten years ago when Lord Templewood, whom you will remember better as Sir Samuel Hoare, the ill-fated foreign secretary, chatted to half a dozen of us on the future of the empire.

"All things change or else decay," he said. "It is the law of life and the law of history. I can see the British Empire developing into a sort of a club with Great Britain and the dominions as full members, and of course Great Britain as perpetual chairman. Then we could have country members such as the colonies and even week-end members like Eire. Nor would I rule out foreign members. I would like to see the U. S. A. as a foreign member and if that came about we might even establish an American bar in the club."

Personally I have always felt that the sterling bloc is the most important economic unit in the world and I would like to see its expansion, providing the inclusion or affiliation of other states does not weaken the fundamental construction.

Yet it is a fact that in spite of the languors and declining prestige of Britain, no other power has risen to take her place. Our ancestors built more soundly than they knew and the imperial edifice stands today even after the onslaught of war and the harassments of peace. South Africa may break away. I deeply fear that India and Pakistan may yet refer their quarrels to the arbitration of the sword. But the British Commonwealth will survive and even grow in strength for there is no other nation or combination of nations to take its place.

I think that was in Eden's mind when he drove to the arena at Harringay and for one night displaced the boxers, the ice carnival or the circus that usually draw the crowd. ★



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The Fish That Paid for a Town

Continued from page 21

Acadia University. They are now referred to, with a tinge of local pride, as "the Senator" and "the Doctor."

Their principal business—and they never forget it—is packing fish. Their sideline activities are not expected to show profits but are designed to promote the welfare of the hired help. This is one of the reasons a pay envelope stretches so far in Black's Harbor.

The housing was constructed at rock-bottom cost with wood the McLeans cut in their own timber limits and sawed and planed in their own mills, and the rentals were fixed accordingly.

For a fish dinner the housewife can pick up mackerel or flounder or rosefish or haddock at the wharf. It's fresh and there's no charge. The house-holders also have adequate gardening plots, and the countryside offers wild strawberries, raspberries, blueberries and cranberries.

Electricity, supplied by the company, is cheaper than elsewhere in New Brunswick. The town isn't incorporated, levies no taxes, has no mayor or councilors. But when an issue arises it's considered at a public meeting in the hall on the second floor of the fire station. The final say rests with the McLeans but they are usually guided by the wishes of the majority.

The ten-room school at Black's Harbor, which has four hundred pupils, is financed by the Charlotte County Regional School Board with funds collected chiefly from Connors Brothers Ltd. The McLeans furnish the frills, such as the kilts, drums and bagpipes for the pipe band, the uniforms and equipment for the baseball and hockey teams. They also contribute substantially to the support of the three churches.

When there's a special event, like the annual exhibition at nearby St. Stephen, the McLeans have been known to close the cannery, load every man, woman and child aboard their twenty-four vessels (two of them ocean freighters) and depart for the scene of the fun.

Pirate's Gold and Sudden Death

The greatest feeding grounds of the sardines are within a thirty-mile radius of Black's Harbor. There the fish fatten themselves on the plankton (microscopic marine life) stirred up from the bottom by the swirling currents of Fundy. Nowhere else on earth are there such tremendous schools of sardines.

In the summer they are caught in weirs—circular nets attached to stakes driven into the bed of the sea close to shore. A weir encloses as much as three acres of water and is like a gigantic minnow trap. The fish swim in through a V-shaped mouth and can't find the way out. At low tide—Fundy rises and falls twenty-five feet each twelve hours—the catch is scooped into collection boats which speed it to the factory.

The weirs have names: Ladysmith, Fair Maiden, Toejam, Last Chance, Pirate's Gold, Sudden Death, Black Robber, Oatmeal, Blueberry Pie, and so on. In spite of these colorful labels weir fishing is monotonous unless a shark, a whale or a seven-hundred-pound tuna happens to be following the sardines. One of these monsters can rip a net to shreds.

When a shark, say, gets into a weir a fisherman enters with his boat and manoeuvres until he is over the dark shadow of the invader. Then he either

plunges a harpoon into it or slips a wire noose around its tail, brings it to the surface with block and tackle, and kills it with a rifle.

In winter the fish move out into the depths and are hunted down by seiners—sturdy forty-five-foot craft outfitted with electronic devices for locating fish and radio telephones for keeping in touch with the cannery. They may cruise unsuccessfully for days, but occasionally they strike it rich.

On March 25, for example, reports reached Black's Harbor that tens of thousands of sea gulls had suddenly appeared on the Nova Scotia side of the Bay of Fundy. Because there are almost bound to be sardine schools where the gulls mass this information was radioed to the seiners, which were soon plowing across Fundy in a storm, through fifty miles of open churning sea.

Four Million by Nightfall

Scattered flocks of gulls were sighted in the lee of the Nova Scotia headlands and the seiners trailed them through narrow Digby Gut into Annapolis Basin, where they encountered the main body of birds. As they zigzagged through the huge white patch of screeching furious gulls their sounders—which are a bit like submarine detectors—traced the pattern of the swarm of fish.

The purse seines were dropped over this target. Each of these nets is 600 feet long and from 130 to 160 feet deep, with floats at the top and weights at the bottom. It is run out in a circle until both ends meet, then the bottom is "pursed" or closed by an arrangement of ropes. In a single dip a purse seine has harvested one hundred hogsheads of fish, worth as much as three thousand dollars.

As the seiners pulled in their catch in Annapolis Basin on March 26 three Connors Brothers collection boats were on hand. They loaded three hundred hogsheads—330,000 pounds—before heading home that evening. On March 27 at daybreak the cannery whistle awakened Black's Harbor with a series of short sharp blasts that signaled a big haul.

People tumbled from bed, dressed and breakfasted hurriedly, and poured toward the sprawling factory buildings on the shore. By nightfall they had tucked the mid-sections of four million sardines into tins and processed the heads and tails into protein meal for livestock and poultry and oil for soap and paint. The scales of the fish had become pearl essence, the preparation artificial pearls are coated with. This was the first rush of the 1951 packing season.

The fish that built Black's Harbor were once regarded as worthless. What could you do with them outside of using them for lobster bait or spreading them on the fields for fertilizer?

The answer was found in Sardinia, in the Mediterranean, in the time of Napoleon, who offered a reward for a form of preserved food that would nourish his troops during military campaigns. The Sardinians won the prize with herring canned in oil—"sardines." The Portuguese stole the process from the Sardinians. Eventually, the Norwegians learned the secret and Norwegian immigrants passed it on to United States packers.

In Black's Harbor, which then had no more than half a dozen families, Lewis and Patrick Connors decided they could can sardines too. They caught the fish themselves, packed them with home-made equipment in a wooden shed, and peddled them from store to store in Saint John. The first

year, 1889, they put up a few hundred tins. Their product was inexpensive, nutritious and good, and found a ready market.

By 1920 the Connors had an annual pack of one million tins, but economic conditions were changing and competition was fierce—it was a case of expand or fold up.

Lewis and Patrick, no longer young, didn't want to face the worry and responsibility of a major expansion. They knew and liked Neil McLean, who had started his career in a bank then branched into other businesses. They had often consulted him about their problems. Now they asked him to buy them out and reorganize their company.

Neil McLean persuaded his brother Allan, a World War One veteran who had a construction firm, to join him and the McLeans took over from the Connors. Black's Harbor was still a hamlet. The cannery was only open in the summer and its workers were transients who "camped out" in tents and tarpaper shanties.

What to Do in Winter?

When the McLeans swung into action they doubled and redoubled production, then doubled and redoubled it again. Soon they required a much larger labor force—one which would be permanent. To attract the right type of worker they knew they would have to have decent housing.

Both the McLeans are hard-headed industrialists, but neither is without idealism. Since they had to create a town they were determined that it should be a pleasant town. As the first rows of modern bungalows went up the sardine coast grumbled and snorted about Little Russia, dictators and regimentation. But those who tried living in Black's Harbor liked it.

The McLeans bought can-making and box-making machinery to provide winter employment. A research chemist, Dr. J. P. Berry, was engaged and given a laboratory. There was no cold-weather shortage of clams, haddock, cod. Berry soon emerged from his lab with formulas for canning clams, clam chowder, clam bouillon, chicken haddies, finnan haddies and fish cakes. If this did not entirely solve seasonal unemployment it at least eased it.

But the test of the McLeans, from the standpoint of the fishermen and cannery hands, came in the early thirties. The brothers had set aside substantial reserves and, when the depression set in, they told Black's Harborites, in effect: "If anybody goes broke then we will all go broke together."

They packed fish they couldn't sell until their warehouses were crammed; they built new and better bungalows until it seemed silly to build any more; they extended their cannery in all directions; they established their own shipyard, built boats; and embarked on other make-work projects. When the economic upturn finally arrived they had exhausted their reserves but were able to hoist a proud sign on their plant—The Largest Sardine Cannery in the British Empire.

They also had a town that would not again be derided as Little Russia, a town where no resident had drawn government relief or missed a meal.

Neil McLean figured he knew when the depression was over. So did Captain Syd Thompson. McLean reached his conclusions by poring over financial charts, graphs, reports. With Skipper Thompson it was easier. He strolled down to the wharf one spring morning in 1936 and saw nine whales chasing a prodigious school of sardines up Black's Harbor, right to the factory

door. What more would you want for a happy omen?

The McLeans had been looking ahead and negotiating with the federal government to have it legalize the use of seiners in the Bay of Fundy. This method of fishing, allowed since the late thirties, keeps some fish trickling into the plant all winter. Coupled with other winter activities it has ended the cold weather lay-offs.

The McLeans were also pulling diplomatic strings far afield. Mediterranean interests decades ago had won a ruling from the House of Lords that they alone were entitled to label their product "sardines." Other Commonwealth countries adopted this decision.

The McLeans claimed—and scientists backed them up—that Mediterranean sardines (*Clupea Pilchardus*) are just a kind of herring, like Bay of Fundy sardines or Norwegian sardines. They argued that if the House of Lords held that Canadian sardines should not be called sardines it should stop British china from being called British china because china was first made in China.

In South Africa, Australia and New Zealand the McLean logic prevailed and Canadian sardines may now be shipped to those countries as sardines. Britain refused to bow until World War Two, then, for the duration, begged for New Brunswick sardines. After the war the British got stuffy again. They'd be glad to have New Brunswick sardines, they explained, but not unless these were simply labeled "herring" or "little fish packed in oil." The word "sardine," said British authorities, was the exclusive property of Mediterranean packers and would have to be left off the label of any Black's Harbor products exported to the United Kingdom.

"Not by us, it won't be left off," snorted Senator McLean. That's where it stands today. The U. K. won't admit Canadian sardines if they are called sardines, and the McLeans won't ship sardines to the U. K. under any other name. So Britain is about the only friendly nation not on their list of customers.

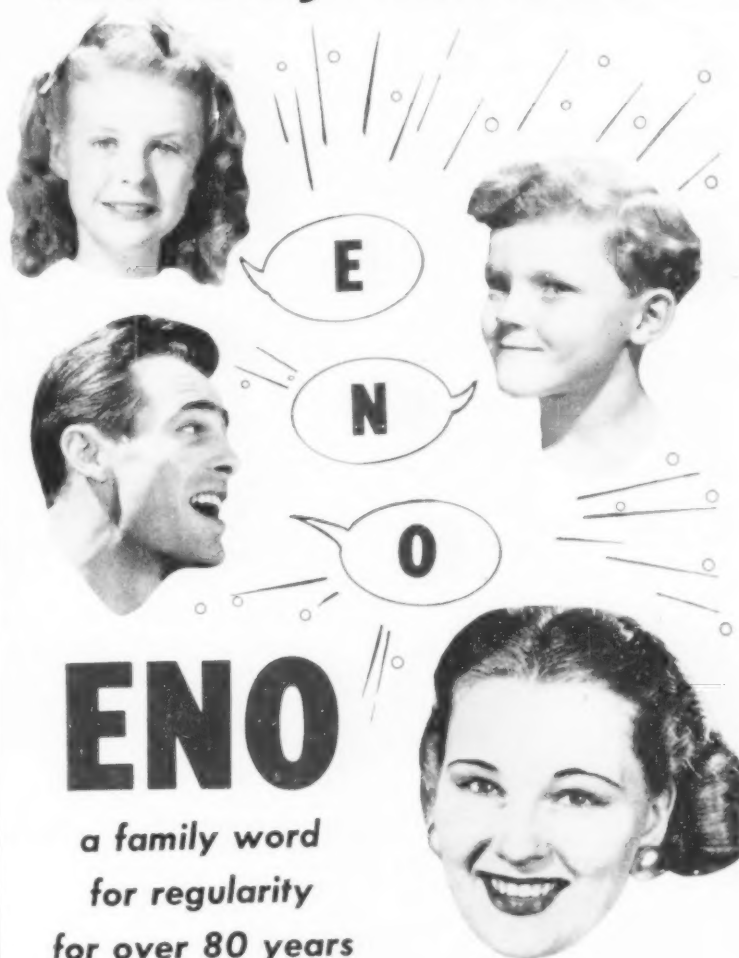
In the forties the Connors Brothers cannery was again expanded and the McLeans did some careful checking on the capacity and annual output of their rivals in the United States, Norway, Portugal and elsewhere. Then they lowered their sign and put up a new one: The Largest Sardine Packers in the World. The collection boats and the seiners and the freighters tooted whistles and rang bells as they milled around Black's Harbor and the Senator and the Doctor beamed at each other.

Lewis and Patrick Connors would have been thrilled if they'd been alive. Those two old fishermen, who had known hardship and near-poverty in their day, wouldn't have recognized the sardine shore. Not only in Black's Harbor, but in scores of fishing villages, all the houses were painted, most everybody had a new car and money in the bank, and the chief worry was the income-tax collector.

On Grand Manan five war veterans who pooled their service gratuities and built a weir had shared ninety thousand dollars in two summers. On Deer Island fisherman Vernon Stuart took a notion that he'd like to fly. He went to the mainland for lessons, then he bought himself an airplane for cash, hired a bulldozer and leveled off his back pasture for an airport.

All the school kids were well-dressed and there were new schools. There were paved roads even on the islands. And the worthless little fish that had once been lobster bait or fertilizer for the potato patch were known now as salt-water silver. ★

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Full House on Kings

Continued from page 23

enough for his slender purse, yet big enough for his horde of children. He finally settled on one near Paris and expects to split his time in the future between France and the farm near Estoril.

After a brief futile bid in 1938 for monarchist support in France, he somehow got into the French army incognito early in the war as an ordinary *poilu*. He was wounded in Belgium in 1940 and after the fall of France he made his way back to his family in Spanish Morocco to recuperate. In 1942, after the Allies landed in North Africa, he turned up in Algiers as a French lieutenant. Washington found out and General Eisenhower ordered him back to Spain. Since then the Count has hinted he has lost interest in the French monarchy.

In sunny Estoril, where so many do no work, a principal occupation is gossip, and there is one wonderful bit about the Count de Paris. It tells how he was forced, due to financial troubles, to borrow money from a Portuguese banker on a necklace that had belonged to Marie Antoinette. The loan was shrouded in deepest secrecy, and the necklace was to be kept in a private vault.

The banker, however, in an amorous moment, loaned the necklace to a soprano with whom he was on excellent terms. And she, being a woman, wore it in public against his orders. And—you can almost write this story yourself—the first place she wore it was at an affair which the Count de Paris happened to attend and at which he nearly had an apoplectic stroke, as the famous necklace told his secret to all.

A fascinating yarn. Unfortunately it is completely fictional. But it keeps on being passed around over coffee tables and across martini glasses by people who don't particularly believe it, but find it delightful anyhow.

Both Don Juan and the Count de Paris are pretenders, and never actually wore the crowns of their countries. But their close friend and cousin, Umberto de Savoia, was actually King Umberto II of Italy for one month. In 1946, just after the war, King Victor Emmanuel abdicated in favor of Umberto, his son, because of heavy political pressure from anti-fascists. Umberto, who had been waiting his chance for years, happily assumed his kingship. But a general election and plebiscite was held the next month which junked the monarchy, and Umberto packed his belongings and cleared out in three days, furious and vengeful.

But for him there were consolations. His father, Victor Emmanuel, had had the foresight to place what is said to be several million dollars' worth of the family fortune in English and other non-Italian places. The old man died in 1947, and Umberto was rich. He settled down in a large yellow mansion overlooking the sea in the town of Cascais (of which Estoril is a part), and decided to relax and enjoy his exile.

Fancying himself something of an intellectual, Umberto dabbles with writing; he is working on a history of the ties between his family and the royal family of Portugal, an opus for which there seems to be no crying need. Not inclined to sports, Umberto shows up to watch an occasional bullfight, or the annual pigeon-shooting contest in Estoril, but his own exercise consists mostly of hiking along the beach alone in an old trench coat in winter, or a pair of shorts in summer.

Like Don Juan, Umberto has his own little court—an aide-de-camp named Grazianni (not the Grazianni of the

African campaign), a private secretary, a handful of wealthy or noble Italians, and a retinue of servants who run the house and look after his three daughters. (Umberto's wife and son live in Switzerland for unexplained reasons, a circumstance which furnishes the social circles of Estoril another source of fascinating confidences.)

Umberto is perhaps the richest *émigré* in town, and therefore is able to be the most diligent social butterfly of them all. His big sprawling house is the scene of innumerable parties at which the elegant folk successfully ignore the way history has swept them off into this overlooked corner of Europe.

Escape in the Bathtub

Better known to North Americans than Don Juan, Paris, or Umberto, is the Hohenzollern ex-king of Rumania, Carol. A man with a flair for making headlines, Carol was standard Sunday-supplement stuff in the Roaring Twenties. A playboy prince, he made no secret of his riotous life, and in the best Balkan fashion he dramatically married a commoner for love, renounced his right to the throne, and ran away. His mother hauled him back home, dissolved the marriage, and got him properly hitched to a Greek princess. Then Carol met the green-eyed Magda Lupescu, wife of a fellow-officer, a voluptuous redhead with camellia-white skin. She became Carol's very close friend, and soon divorced her husband.

In 1925 Carol renounced his throne again, and he and she settled in France. But in 1930, when the shuffles of Rumanian politics gave him the chance, he made a surprise flight back to Bucharest, snatched back his twice-resigned throne, and became king. Magda followed, and his Greek wife, outraged beyond endurance, packed and left Rumania.

For ten tempestuous years Carol ruled the country, struggling against fascist and anti-semitic elements which raged against Magda, who is half Jewish. At one time he managed to clap most of the fascist Iron Guard into jail, but as war drew closer he was forced to make concessions to Hitler and to let the Iron Guard out again. Finally in 1940 he lost all control, and he and Magda made a hair-raising midnight escape in a railroad train loaded with money and possessions, while Iron Guardists raced alongside in automobiles and fired wildly. For safety's sake, Carol lay

inside an iron bathtub until the train roared across the border.

In exile they wandered to Spain, Cuba, Mexico, and Brazil. No longer the glamorous lovers of former years, Carol and Magda made the headlines again in 1947 when she fell ill in Rio de Janeiro. Carol, long since divorced, married her on what was assumed to be her deathbed. Some have said the reason was that his property is in her name. He had only avoided marriage because he thought it might permanently destroy his hope of going back to his old job. (Later, when Magda recovered, Carol remarried her because a quirk of Brazilian law dissolves a deathbed marriage if the dying person recovers.)

Now using the title of Princess Helena, Magda went with Carol to Estoril in 1947, and settled down in a large cream-colored house on one of the hills overlooking the sea. With his faithful aide-de-camp, Ernst Urdareanu (former minister of the palace), and a few loyal friends and helpers, Carol leads a quiet life. His great bristling mustache is mostly grey, and his face benign and settled looking. Magda is still a remarkably handsome woman, but looks and acts like a middle-aged wife instead of a contemporary DuBarry.

The coming of the royal couple to Estoril posed fearful problems for that small society. The tight-knit little community of Portuguese nobility and the DP royalty took a dim view of Magda. (The fact that Umberto, Don Juan and Paris all have family ties to Carol made them none the friendlier.)

Umberto called on Carol a few times but would never invite the couple to his parties. Others would greet and speak to Carol and Magda at some public place, but only within the limits of mere politeness. Some few did befriend them, however, and by now a dozen or more Portuguese countesses and ladies of high rank count themselves her admirers, and address her as "Your Majesty."

The kings and pretenders are befriended by, and mingle with, Estoril's odd assortment of lesser nobility. Some are still quite wealthy, owning large estates, and some, like the jovial bouncy Marquis de Foz, are successful manufacturers. Many others are impoverished, family fortunes having drained away in the four decades since Portugal became a republic. The Casino and the cafés and restaurants of Estoril are inhabited by many a penniless baron or viscount who lives

I HAVE TROUBLE WITH MY NEIGHBORS

I'd feel no misgiving if fate had me living
Near people who constantly needed
My tools for their mowing, their raking and hoeing,
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I'd suffer no worry if they failed to hurry
Right back with the tools they had taken;
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My own chores could oft be forsaken.

A borrowing neighbor could save me some labor,
And that would impress me as dandy;
But since, to my sorrow, my neighbors don't borrow,
My tools are disgustingly handy!

—Richard Wheeler

off a minute income, or sells a family art treasure once in a while. A few have succumbed to the modern world and taken jobs, but not without pain. An American in Lisbon who unknowingly hired one not long ago said to a friend a couple of weeks later, "I thought this guy was a character. A little crazy, only not dangerous. Then I find out yesterday what's the matter with him—all it is, he's a count. That's his trouble."

Officially, of course, no noble titles exist in Portugal, having been abolished along with the monarchy forty-one years ago. But strong man Salazar, having nothing to fear from these people, indulgently permits the use of title and rank. In fact, Portugal's own pretender—the Duke de Braganza—is permitted to visit Portugal freely. (Being a "pretender" doesn't mean that you actively pretend. If you happen to be the next in line to a throne or former throne, you are a pretender whether you bother about it or not.)

A somewhat lesser known royal DP is Carol's cousin, the Archduke Joseph Franz of the famous house of Hapsburg. The Archduke, a mild, unpretentious, grey-haired man of fifty-five, is Estoril's poorest royal refugee. He and his handsome, black-haired wife, a princess of Saxony, lived in Hungary, and owned several castles and a vast fortune. Unlike Carol, they took no steps to smuggle their money out. When the Russians suddenly got close to Budapest in 1944, they grabbed a few possessions and their eight children and fled. Joseph Franz had been jailed by Communists during the Béla Kun uprising in Hungary in 1919 and he had no taste for more. "Theirs is a religion of hate," he says; "I dared not remain another moment."

After a few years of scraping along in Austria, they went to Portugal in 1947 with the four younger children (leaving the others scattered about Europe, either married or in school). Here they now live a few miles from Estoril in a modest country house.

Around the house is a little two-acre farm. The Archduchess oversees the growing of vegetables, their main source of food. Once in a while they sell something or other to pay the rent (the house belongs to the Count da Ribadave, who charges them a token rental).

The Archduke and Archduchess make no attempt to join the gay social life of Estoril. For one thing, they can't afford it. For another, they are rather more serious than the others. The Archduke has a dreamy, pink-cheeked face, surmounted by a wild thatch of grey hair—and, indeed, he is a poet and a musician. He has written a mass of music and verse, and once had a play produced in Hungary. Currently he is composing an oratorio about Saint Francis of Assisi. He works at an ancient upright piano in a garage under the house.

Once recently they read in a Communist newspaper about a new resort hotel which had just been opened on Lake Balaton in Hungary. The description of its charm and location sounded familiar. They suddenly realized that this was one of their castles.

The Béla Kun Communist regime which had clapped the Archduke in jail in 1919 was overthrown by the Austro-Hungarian admiral, Nicholas Horthy, who led an army against the Reds and overturned them in short order. Horthy today has wound up in a small house in Estoril.

Though not an ex-king, Horthy is the same in some ways, for after overthrowing the Communists he became Regent of Hungary and ruled as a virtual dictator for a generation. A

tall imposing hawk-nosed man, he was uncompromisingly reactionary and strong-handed, and ran the little country as autocratically as any king.

Now eighty-two, his nose more bulbous than hawk-like and his tall frame sagging and paunchy, Horthy is a forgotten, neglected old man. He is practically penniless and his means of support is a local mystery, although it is said he gets "loans" from a wealthy Portuguese sympathizer who can afford to keep him going. His lovely widowed daughter-in-law is looking for a job, but without much luck.

Dukes, marquises, counts at Estoril pretend to take their titles lightly, but actually they live partly in a dream world, often remembering or imagining the days that used to be. The past in which they or their families were so mighty seems somehow more real and more understandable than the chaotic, bewildering present.

The world flows past and around Estoril. The water lies blue and sparkling underneath the dazzling sun, and the pastel-colored houses snuggle against the hillsides. The air is quiet, untroubled by the sound of airplanes,

factories or hurrying mobs. At a café table in the sun, or around the roulette wheel in the Casino at night, one seems in touch with reality—reality which consists of banter, protocol, manners, wit, gossip, bridge, hunting, riding, and good taste. Revolutions and wars, labor unions and middle-class liberals, atomic power, the great East-West deadlock—all these are somehow remote, vulgar, nightmarish.

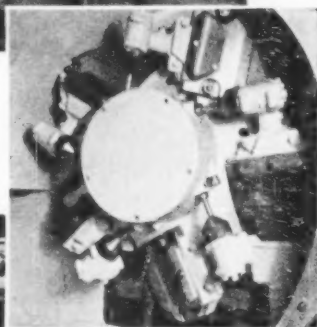
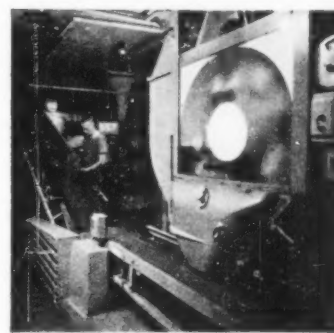
Sssst! Waiter! Another brandy. And tell the guitarists and the singer to do that last song again. It was so lovely, so sad . . . ★

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WILL HITLER HAVE THE LAST LAUGH?

Continued from page 13

under his command in the role of Hessian mercenaries. When they were ready, willing and anxious to make a contribution to the defense of Western civilization he would be glad to have them—but this was a long way off.

Eisenhower had touched on the nub of the matter. The vexed and dangerous problem of recruiting German forces for the defense of Europe is not primarily a military problem. Rather it is a problem of psychology—the curious, embittered, confused psychology of the German people. We who have been debating how many Germans we would accept in the defense force, and under what conditions, are suddenly confronted by the question: Will the Germans co-operate?

The fact is the Germans are not co-operating.

Months before the Brussels decisions the shrewd stolid horse trader who heads the Bonn regime, Chancellor Konrad Adenauer, appointed two former generals, Hans Speidel and Adolf Heusinger, as his military advisers and assigned them the task of making a survey of western Germany's manpower potential. They came up, properly enough, with a figure calculated to make Eisenhower's mouth water. The German republic, they estimated, could quickly recruit twelve divisions plus a tactical air support group of six hundred fighter planes. The figure fitted perfectly into the gap which loomed so ominously before the eyes of the foreign ministers at Brussels.

Adenauer has used this figure to win political concessions from the West, and used it with immense success. The schedule of returning sovereignty to the West German Government has been immensely accelerated, especially by the Americans.

But Adenauer has done nothing toward implementing the survey made by his military advisers. He does not dare do anything because he knows his political head is at stake. He continues to walk a tenuous line between buttering up the allies and harking to the embittered voice of the German people.

This voice has many overtones—of arrogance, of smugness, of recrimination, of whimpering weakness—but what it says never varies. Adenauer says in round ringing phrases: "Germany belongs to the West and cannot be separated from the West. The Western way of living is ours. We want to preserve this way of living for our children..." But he says nothing about recruitment of German forces. He dares not.

Major-General Otto Ernst Remer, a leader of the neo-Nazi Socialist Reich Party (which confounded experts by polling ten percent of the vote in the recent Lower Saxony election), says: "We do not want to be mercenaries for the Americans. We will reserve our strength for the battle of liberation from both the East and the West."

Lieut.-Gen. Alexander von Faulkenhausen, occupation commander in Belgium, recently found guilty of executing Belgian hostages and given a suspended sentence of twelve years, acknowledged the Belgian court's compassion in these words: "I can't imagine myself fighting shoulder to shoulder with contingents whose military leaders condemn German generals. Ungrateful Belgium, you shall not possess my bones!" He felt safe enough to say this in Aachen, though this area is under Belgian military government.

But, one says to oneself, these are leaders, or embittered generals, or neo-Nazis. What about the people who, thanks to the generosity of the victors,

are eating from full larders, are shopping in stores filled to overflowing with commodity goods? What about the people who, if Russia strikes against an unprepared West, will be the first victims of the Third World War?

In a working-class suburb of Frankfurt I spent an evening in the home of a thirty-seven-year-old machinist, once a professional soldier, a major in Hitler's Wehrmacht. He is married, has two children, occupies a two-room apartment in a recent development of matchbox construction.

He was not a Nazi. "It is easy to say that now," he explained, "but the fact is I never completely approved of Hitler as a leader. He was too excitable to be truly a German leader, but as long as he concerned himself only with politics it did not matter. When he interfered with the technique of the military then I positively disapproved of him."

"Only as Infantry Fodder"

On the question of a reconstituted German army as part of a western European force the former major had positive opinions. "I would like to return to the army," he said with a surprising wistfulness. "It is the profession I know best. As you see I am still young enough."

"But," he added quickly, "I will not offer my services, not even will I agree to serve if I am asked. It is not honorable to serve with an occupying power. In addition, they want us only as infantry fodder to cover their retreat to the west."

Would he not fight to defend his home against a Russian advance?

"I prefer to wait," he said in the manner of one who has thought out the question a long time ago. "If the Russians come today or tomorrow we cannot win, so it is no use fighting and destroying what we have rebuilt. We have nothing to lose by waiting."

He paused a moment, then with a philosophical nod of his head he added, "I have a good job, my family eats sufficiently, we have a place to sleep. For the time being that is enough. It is not necessary to rush at the future."

At a hotel on the loveliest part of the Rhine, just above Godesberg, the innkeeper was a stubby, happy little man, the kind who gave pre-Hitler

Germany its reputation for cheer and hospitality. He needed no prodding, he was talkative by nature. Moreover, the war had done well for him. His hotel had been "de-requisitioned" by the Belgians several months before and his profits were higher than ever.

"Germany is with the West, *natürlich*," he said when the subject of a German army came up. "But you understand we must be careful. How can I explain it to you? At the moment we have a certain security, because as Germans we are completely defenseless. We became neutralists by compulsion. For us to begin raising an army now, during this crisis, would be a terrible mistake. We must wait until the danger of war has passed. Then, in a calm atmosphere, Germany will become strong again, *natürlich* on the side of the West."

One moves among the people and finds a certain pattern of arrogance returning to the German soul. It is accentuated in two common reactions.

The first is that after six years of close contact with the occupying powers the Germans have come to look down on the British and the Americans, have come to regard them as inefficient, lazy, soft-stomached, hardly the type the Germans would willingly accept as leaders of the West. Indeed, it is an undisputed fact that German industrialists will hesitate to employ a German who has worked for the occupation powers on the ground that this person has lost contact with German standards of efficiency and industry.

The second reaction is that the six years since the surrender have served to dim, in the mind of the German soldier, the completeness of his defeat. The most common observation heard among German ex-soldiers is this: "They would send over a thousand bombers, then fire two thousand cannon, then advance behind three thousand tanks, and finally take a position held by a handful of Germans. On the ground, *mein herr*, one German soldier is worth twenty British or Americans."

This attitude finds its extreme expression in the words of Dr. Fritz Doris, a founder of the Socialist Reich Party. "We are ready to die for the good things of National Socialism," he asserts. "We are ready to be jailed and to be hanged to see that we get a German Reich again, loyal and honest, like we had, thank God, before 1945."



We begin to see, then, the psychological pattern of the Germany of 1951. The German is extremely sensitive of his bargaining position in the East-West crisis; he is jealous of the industry with which he has rebuilt his cities and will do everything to prevent them becoming another battlefield; he respects strength, despises the weakness of compromise; he hates the East, inclines to the West, but hesitates to support the West while it is too weak to defend Germany.

Not According to Clausewitz

Perhaps the clearest idea of what the Germans think may be gained from a booklet which has become the top best-seller in the Western zones. It is entitled *So Geht Es Nicht* (which literally translated means: This is the way it *doesn't* go) and its author is former Colonel-General Heinz Guderian, who was Hitler's top tank expert and for a time chief of staff of the German army.

Guderian's book outlines a military thesis and a political thesis for the Western powers. On the military side he severely criticizes the allies for their failure to concentrate the full power of their forces in the decisive area which is Europe. He feels that the chunks of power scattered all over the Far East provide Russia with a tremendous strategic advantage and are against the basic theories laid down in Clausewitz's military bible.

More interesting both to Germans and to us are his political theories. The allies have failed in Germany, he says in effect, because they put the cart before the horse. They ask for the formation of German contingents when the first task should have been the return to the Germans of their political and economic freedom.

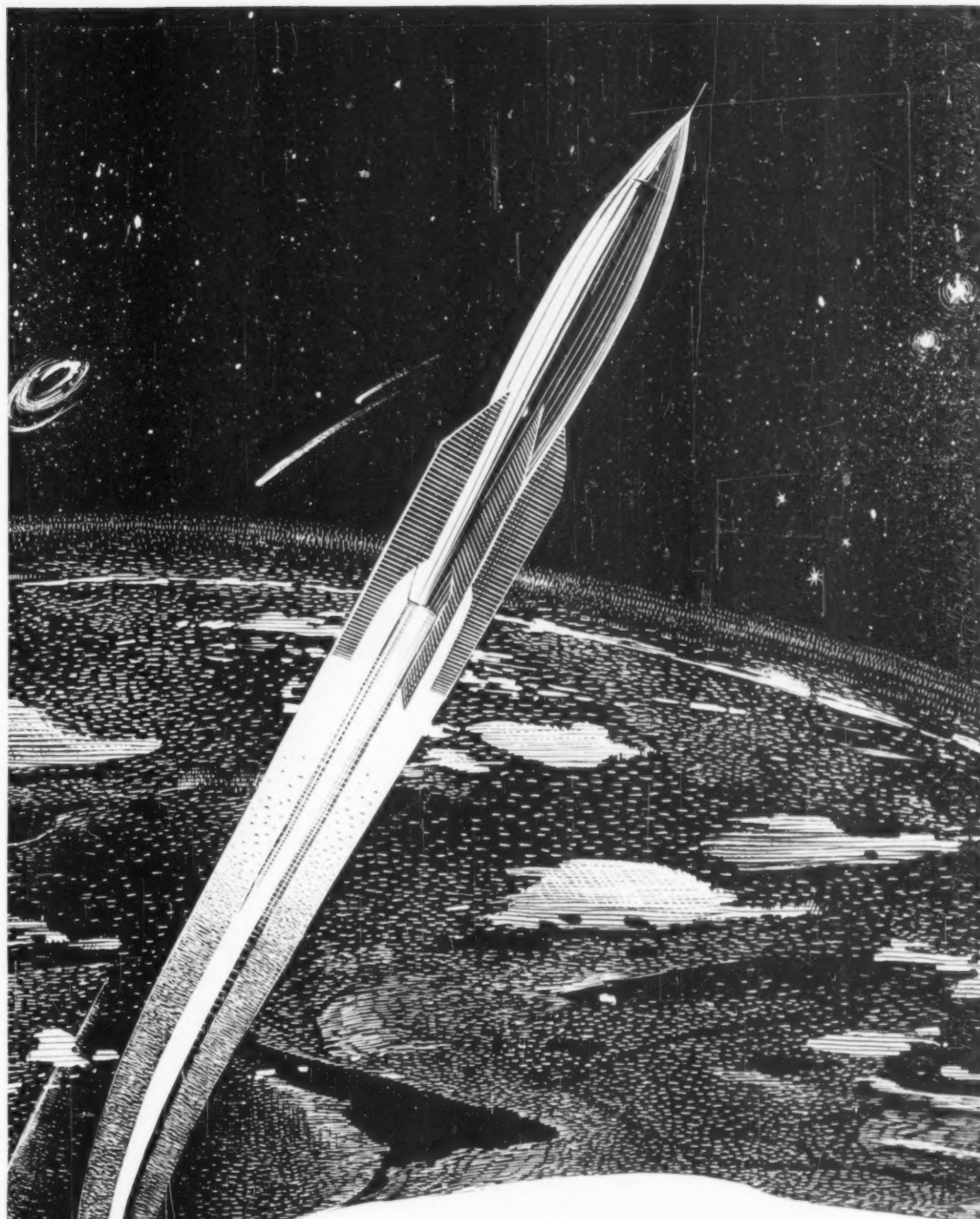
The importance of the book lies in its explicit statement of all the common German complaints: The occupation state was not abolished and replaced by a defense pact (which would have kept allied troops in Germany under "more respectable auspices"); Germany has no real power in conducting its foreign affairs; the restrictions on shipbuilding, steel and coal have prevented Germany's full return to full economic nationhood; we are still bombing Heligoland, still holding a few German war prisoners in French camps; still punishing German soldiers for "so-called" war crimes.

If all these things had been corrected years ago, says Guderian, Germany would now be in a psychological, political and economic position to be of great aid in the struggle against the Soviets. The time for correction of these mistakes is almost past, he concludes.

A survey of Germany 1951 in relation to rearmament leads one to two inescapable conclusions. The first is that the basic factor in German psychology is a strong, almost Wagnerian urge to reverse the defeat of 1945, to undo it, to make the Western allies admit that, Hitler or no Hitler, the Germans were right all the time.

The second is that the Germans are neither willing nor ready yet to take their place in the line of free nations defending our civilization against Soviet totalitarianism. They still have a long way to go before they are willing and ready. If they were recruited under present conditions they would be marching as Hessian mercenaries for a price which the West cannot well afford to pay.

The Germans may one day be qualified to march with us. The day may come when, in sheer desperation, we may be forced to allow them to march with us—and on their terms, not ours. Neither of those days has arrived. ★



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The Magnificent Fraud

Continued from page 15

Sept. 18, 1888, at 32 St. James's Road, Hastings. He was the first of two sons born to George Fumage Belaney, an Englishman, and Kitty Morris, an American whom Belaney met in Bridgeport, Fla., in 1885.

George Belaney, it appears, was shiftless, unreliable, irresponsible; it is recorded he left his wife soon after the second son was born in England and returned to the United States. Archie was placed with two aunts, Ada and Carrie Belaney, in Hastings. They told Dickson that the boy was fascinated by animals, kept a menagerie and was devoted to cowboys and Indians. He had only one confidante, a little girl named Constance Holmes, who won his confidence because she showed interest in his animals.

In his middle teens Archie told his aunts he wanted to follow his father to America and though they tried to dissuade him, they eventually yielded and paid his fare to Canada. He worked a year in a dry goods store in Toronto, then was lured north by the silver discoveries at Cobalt.

He was rolled by a knife-wielding prospector as he slept out-of-doors en route, barely escaping with his life. A white man named Jesse Hood, a guide, and two Indians helped him and Hood got him a job as a canoe man on a hunting expedition. One of the Indians, an Ojibway named Michelle, taught him the rudiments of handling a canoe, took him partridge shooting and taught him how to keep his direction in the woods.

A year in the bush made a marked difference in Archie's appearance. He was burned brown by the sun and the icy winter winds. His hair hung almost to his shoulders and he kept it tied back with a leather thong as most Indians do. He was tall and lean, walked with a loping stride, and was slightly pigeon-toed. Thus, when he went to Lake Timiskaming where a summer tourist trade flourished he might easily have been mistaken for an Indian guide or canoe man. Bill Guppy, a tourist camp operator, noted his blue eyes and English accent and suspected when Archie asked for a job that he was an Englishman. Archie was non-committal; he'd been to England, he said, but he'd come recently from Toronto. Guppy liked him and hired him.

Belaney spent three years working for Guppy, learned the woods, moved with him to Timagami where Guppy started a hotel. He preferred the company of Indians. One day when a tourist grinned at him and cackled: "Escape from justice, kid?" Belaney replied, half musingly, "No, from injustice."

His winters were spent as mail carrier between Timiskaming and Timagami, a route he traveled by dog team. Frequently he stopped at Bear Island, where a tribe of Ojibways lived, and there he met Angele Uguna who ran away with him and married him his second year in the north. They lived in a cabin a mile from Bear Island.

After some months Archie left Angele and headed into the wilderness to trap, stopping at Biscotasing, a trappers' headquarters, near the Mississauga and Mattawagami Rivers. When he walked into Bisco, buckskin and moccasin-clad, even more uncommunicative after his lonely winters in the bush, he was taken as an Indian. He gave his name as Archie Belaney and opened an account for supplies and took out a trapper's license. He never returned to the little cabin near Bear Island and

Angele, pregnant, returned to her father's house.

Stretching north from Bisco for a hundred miles was the great Mississauga forest reserve and Archie trapped there in complete solitude until the war came in 1914. That summer he had joined the Government Fire Rangers and that fall, with a group of rangers and apparently out of no particular devotion to England, he enlisted. He went overseas with the 40th Battalion and was transferred to the 13th Battalion, Montreal.

In 1917 he was wounded in the foot and was also a victim of mustard gas. His aunts took him from military hospital to Hastings to recuperate. They remember him as a lonely man, filled with deep hatred of war, disliking England and white men, talking constantly of returning to the Canadian northland.

He seemed at ease only with Constance, the little girl who had shared his love for his menagerie. In February 1918 they went through a marriage ceremony and in March his medical board declared him unfit for further active service, said he would be invalided home and granted a pension of seventy-five dollars a month. He eagerly told Constance that now they could go to Canada. But she didn't want to go. Disillusioned and deeply stung he returned to his northland alone.

Aboard the Temagami Belle

At Bisco, where he had avoided white men before the war, he now could hardly bring himself to speak to them. His wounded foot bothered him and his lungs were not recovered from the gas. Had it not been for the Indians he might have died. Ojibway women tended to his wound and fed him. He spent the next four years with them and, except at a trading post or in Bisco, he never spoke English. But he learned every watercourse in that north country.

The leader of the Ojibway band was an old man named Neganikabu (meaning Stands First), from whom Belaney learned a lot. Later he was to write of him: "Neganikabu, my mentor, my kindly instructor, my companion in untold hardships and nameless tribulation, has pulled back little by little the magic invisible veil of mystery from across the face of the forest that I might learn its innermost secrets, and has laid open the book of nature for me to read."

Near the end of Archie's fourth year with the Ojibways, Neganikabu adopted him into the tribe in a great fire-lit ceremony that ended with the chanting chieftain calling him Wa-Sha-Quon-Asin (Shining Beak, the Grey Owl) and, as the tribesmen did their weird dances around the open fire, Archie Belaney became at last an Indian.

And so it was Grey Owl, the half-breed guide, who met an attractive Indian girl aboard the Temagami Belle as she plied between Timiskaming and Timagami one morning in May 1925.

"What's your name, lady?" he asked.

"Anahareo. They call me Pony."

"I'm Wa-Sha-Quon-Asin," he said.

"Grey Owl. They call me Archie. And with some reason: my father was Scotch."

He was to say this many times in the years that followed; he even declared that his father's name was McNeill. Why he did this he never revealed although one time, many years later when his Toronto publisher, Hugh Eayrs, was trying through natural curiosity to learn something of Grey Owl's background, he placed his arm across the publisher's shoulder and



said: "My dear Hughie, there is a lot you don't know that you want to know; but you never will know."

Grey Owl saw Anahareo, a full-blooded Iroquois, frequently. He told her once his ambition was the ambition of every trapper: to find new and unspoiled hunting grounds. Encouraged by her enthusiasm he set out that fall, moving on and on, north and east, and when he stopped he was well into Quebec, not far from the tiny village of Doucet. He built a cabin near a lake and in the fall of 1927 he wrote Anahareo and she made the long trip by train to join him. He met her at the station and then they tramped, in single file, ten miles into the woods where he had built the cabin.

That winter Grey Owl was engrossed by his work and missed the fact that the sensitive Anahareo was becoming increasingly silent. One day she followed his trap lines. When once or twice a badly wounded animal had to be put to death in a trap she watched with her hand at her mouth and with frightened eyes as Grey Owl raised his axe to give the death stroke. This day was to be the turning point in his life for he was to become increasingly aware, through Anahareo, of a cruelty that never before had occurred to him as he trapped.

Near spring one of his traps which hung down through a hole in the ice yielded the bodies of three drowned beaver. They were young, barely a year old, and he felt the mother must be close by. He searched fruitlessly for two days. Then toward evening, as he and Anahareo returned in his canoe, he thought he saw a muskrat swimming many yards away. As he later wrote:

At that distance a man could never miss and my finger was about to press the trigger when the creature gave a low cry and at the same instant I saw, right in my line of fire, another who gave out the same peculiar call. They could both be gotten with the same charge of shot. They gave voice again and this time the sound was unmistakable—they were young beaver.

I lowered my gun and said: "There are your kittens."

The instinct of a woman spoke out at once: "Let us save them," cried Anahareo excitedly, and then in a lower voice: "It is up to us, after what we've done."

And truly what had been done here looked now to be brutal savagery. And with some confused thought of giving back what I had taken, some dim idea of atonement, I answered: "Yes, we have to. Let's take them

home." It seemed the only fitting thing to do.

They called their beaver McGinnis and McGinty, grew so to love the little scamps that Grey Owl decided to kill no more beaver, though still regarding himself as a trapper. His philosophy was to be revealed later when an interviewer in England asked him if he would no longer kill a deer or a moose.

"Of course I would if I were hungry," he replied. "We have to live and only by death can there be life. Only by killing a tree can a beaver live. If we don't kill the caribou the wolf will. No, we must eat and be clothed. But what makes me sick is the comic sportsman in his trick outfit who invades the woods, kills the giant moose, hangs his stuffed head in a hall to boast about, and leaves the body rotting in the woods."

Just after he acquired McGinty and McGinnis he met a trapper named Joe Isaac, a Micmac Indian, to whom he related a desire to start a beaver colony in virgin country which also might offer trapping facilities. Isaac, apparently a wildly imaginative man, related wondrous tales of such a hunting ground many miles removed and, even allowing for Isaac's exaggerations, Grey Owl and Anahareo decided it would fill their requirements. They canoed and portaged to Cabano in the Temiscouata district of Quebec, where the country was far less magical than Joe Isaac had painted it, and, though it required some weeks of difficult portaging to reach, Grey Owl and Anahareo and their beaver went on into the wilderness to Birch Lake. By the second week of November they had built a cabin which for the next three years was the House of McGinnis, their home.

In that first winter of 1928-29 Grey Owl found himself depressed and, after Christmas stopped traveling the woods looking for wild life. In the long days and evenings he started to write, with pen and ink, the stories he had told Anahareo, the adventures he had, his observations on their little friends, now hibernating. Particularly, he liked to contrast life as he found it with that portrayed in an English magazine called *Country Life*. After some weeks he decided to piece together many of his stories and in the spring he mailed them, eight thousand words worth, in the form of an article to *Country Life*.

That Melting Jelly Roll

With McGinnis and McGinty coming out of hibernation in the spring to the beaver colony Grey Owl had constructed, other beaver were to follow them there. They grew to know no harm would come from the strange twosome who lived in a cabin by the lake, the first time in history beaver had been known to trust man. McGinnis and McGinty showed no fear and would scurry out of the water to the cabin for food. One summer night, however, the two pets swam off into the lake. Grey Owl called to them, cupping his hands to his mouth and wailing something that sounded like "Maw-we-ee-ee" and once, in answer, there came a long clear note followed by another of a different tone. That was the last Grey Owl ever heard of his little friends.

Grey Owl and Anahareo were deeply moved by their loss. Then one night they came upon two baby beaver, a male and a female, and they took them to the cabin in a burlap bag. The male died soon afterward but the female, though she wouldn't eat for days, hung tenaciously to life and eventually began to recover. A certain self-satisfaction that she seemed to ooze



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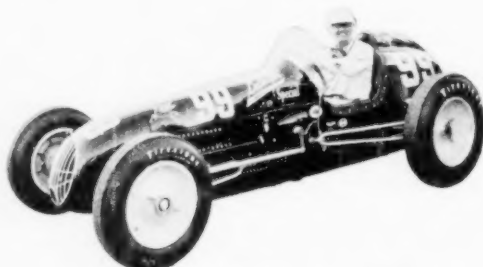
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gave her the name of Jelly Roll and she turned out to be the most famous of all Grey Owl's so-called Little People. Jelly has been described as determined, wilful, egotistical, cunning and rapturously melting, depending what mood was required to win her way. After she had been with them several weeks Grey Owl went to Cabano for supplies and found a letter from Country Life accepting his manuscript and a cheque for about one hundred and fifty dollars. Also there was a letter from the publisher suggesting Grey Owl write a book. He set himself to work that winter on a project in which he wanted to seize the spirit of the wilderness and get it down on paper and, working laboriously with his pen, he produced a book he called *The Vanishing Frontier*.

The following summer J. H. Campbell, of the National Parks, visited the cabin to investigate stories he had heard of an Indian who tamed beaver. When he saw Jelly Roll and her antics he was amazed. He explained that a movie of Grey Owl and his beaver could be used by the Canadian government for publicity. Grey Owl told Campbell of his dream of creating a beaver sanctuary and Campbell said the ideal location would be in one of Canada's national parks.

As Campbell left, Grey Owl went to inspect his traps. One was missing and he located it under a submerged log. In it was an adult beaver, half-drowned, frightened, a piece of his scalp hanging loose and a badly mangled foot. Grey Owl took him to the cabin and nursed him and after a few weeks the loose portion of the scalp had dried and was hanging from the beaver's head like a piece of wrinkled hide. Grey Owl snipped it off and called this new family addition Rawhide.

Jelly Roll was intensely jealous of him but it was Rawhide that gave Grey Owl one of his biggest thrills. He was paddling one day and saw Rawhide swimming many feet away. He called to him and slowly moved the canoe toward him. Rawhide was apprehensive. Then Grey Owl, speaking softly, laid the paddle down to the water so that it made a ramp. He put his hand in the water and slowly Rawhide came to it. The beaver sniffed the hand, then allowed Grey Owl to help him up the ramp into the canoe. Grey Owl was exultant; he had tamed an adult beaver.

In the spring of 1931 a letter arrived from Campbell informing them that Riding Mountain National Park had been selected as the site for the beaver colony and Grey Owl, with Anahareo and Jelly Roll and Rawhide, set off for Manitoba. Cameramen there made a film entitled *The Beaver Family*, but Grey Owl was not pleased with the location because it was too dry. He wrote Campbell and the following spring the sanctuary was moved to Prince Albert National Park, sixty miles northwest of Prince Albert to Lake Waskesieu and another thirty miles of portaging to Ajawaan, his home until he died. There he built a log cabin, called it Beaver Lodge. At last he had found his perfect location and, too, he had found the perfect confidant in Major J. A. Wood, superintendent of Prince Albert National Park, who joined in his plans with great enthusiasm.

Meanwhile Grey Owl had written another book, *Pilgrims of the Wild*, and because he was dissatisfied with the publishers of *Country Life* he consulted the man who had published his first book in Canada, Hugh Eayrs of Macmillan's, requesting the name of another English publisher. Eayrs had had business with Lovat Dickson and suggested him just about the time

Dickson was looking for Canadian authors. Dickson published *Tales of an Empty Cabin* and the *Adventures of Sajo and Her Beaver People*. Later Dickson was to write *Halfbreed*—his own warm tribute to Grey Owl.

Dickson got the idea of a lecture tour of England by Grey Owl in 1935. His books were tremendously successful and so was the lecture tour, on which Grey Owl made two hundred speeches in four months. Everywhere he was acclaimed and interviewed and the stories were given front-page attention. An interviewer asked him once about his education.

None, formally (replied Grey Owl), but behind me and giving me courage and perhaps some wisdom I have the strength of the wilds. You see, man has taken a prominent part in nature for so long that he forgets the evolution by which he reached that place. He is blind to the things which helped his rise. But we Indians remember and our creed is tolerance. Certainly we kill; if nothing was killed for fifty years there'd be no place for anybody. But we shouldn't regard ourselves as the gods of creation.

And then he said:

Man, the beaver, the deer, the hawk—each has his own habits. One is no better than the other but they are different and man's difference is that he is blessed—or cursed—with imagination. This makes him dream and build castles and see himself as a conquering hero. It even makes him so stupid as to say: "God made man in His own image," when, actually, and quite obviously, men have made a God in their own image. I am a Neolithic man; I am no sophisticate.

On his return to Prince Albert he was able, through Major Wood, to have his views on beaver conservation heard. In long pleas he pointed out that an unlimited open season was driving the animal toward extinction and, before he died, four provinces—Saskatchewan

NEXT ISSUE

THE SECRET OF MY DOUBLE LIFE

By Victoria Johnson

All her life she saw her mirror image in her sister's face. Then she dated her sister's boy friend... The intriguing personal story of a girl with an identical twin.

IN MACLEAN'S AUG. 15; ON SALE AUG. 10

Manitoba, Ontario and Quebec—were to have closed seasons for beaver. His efforts are regarded as having saved hundreds of thousands of beaver.

On his return, also, he was to find himself the father of a girl child, Dawn, to whom Anahareo gave birth in Prince Albert. Now the couple discovered their philosophies had changed: because of his traveling he wanted to settle down to rest; she was the opposite. They decided to separate.

Alone again Grey Owl wrote *Tales of an Empty Cabin*, used much of his personal funds to produce a movie of his old haunts on the Mississauga, starting at Bischoff and following the trail he had followed years before.

Soon he met a Canadian girl, partly of Indian blood, named Yvonne Perrier; later she took her Indian name, Silver Moon. A month after their first meeting they were "married" and went to Prince Albert together.

In the winter of 1937 he made another successful lecture tour of England, this time appearing before the King and Queen. On neither tour is there any record of the former Archie Belaney visiting his aunts in Hastings.

Between interviews and lectures he asked Dickson to arrange for him to broadcast to children over the BBC and he was assigned time on a program called the Children's Hour. The BBC asked to see his script in advance and vetoed a section in which he appealed to children not to attend meets of foxhounds. The section contravened BBC regulations in that fox-hunting, being a controversial subject, could not be discussed. Grey Owl refused to delete the passage and the BBC refused to let him on the air. The talk was later printed as a pamphlet and sold about ten thousand copies.

On his return to Canada the fifty-year-old Grey Owl was weary, worn out by his heavy schedule. He spoke to a packed Massey Hall in Toronto where he regained some of his spark but en route west his state of mind was further complicated when Yvonne became ill at Regina and went to hospital for an operation. When she was out of danger Grey Owl continued

on to Prince Albert, near mental exhaustion. Two days after he reached Beaver Lodge a ranger received a phone call from him. He was ill. When the ranger arrived Grey Owl was unconscious on the floor. He was taken to hospital in Prince Albert and there he died.

Then, as his friend Major Wood wrote in a letter to Lovat Dickson, "Within a day the human pack was on him like nothing so much as the scavengers of the forest rending the dead body of some monarch of the wilderness which they would not have the courage to attack in life. I care not whether he was an Englishman, Irishman, Scotsman or Negro. He was a great man with a great mind . . . He will be remembered for his efforts to eliminate cruel practices in the capturing of fur-bearing animals . . . He will be remembered for his courageous stand in regard to blood sports . . . He will be remembered for his efforts to rehabilitate the Indian to a point where he would again possess some of his old-time dignity and independence. Any one of these objectives would be a lifetime job for the majority of men. Grey Owl was courageous enough to attack them all." ★

Love Is a Skin Game

Continued from page 11

"When they're sweet in spite of 'em, that's love," Grandma verified. "You have to learn to love 'em for their good points, honey, and take advantage of their weaknesses. Tom's like these high-powered cars his filling station services. Lots of driving power, but needs steering. It takes a woman's hand. Steered the right way, Tom will make some girl a fine husband."

"But, taking advantage of another's weakness is hardly fair."

"That depends. If a man refuses to face the truth about himself, but is worthwhile other ways, somebody has to face it. So it might as well be you. So instead of hating his faults you adjust to 'em. You see, in dealing with a weakness it's best to attack through the weakness itself. Because that's all you've got to work with."

"You sound clinical," Gwen said, disapproving. "I'm not sure I understand what you're saying."

"Well, you take like just before

Willie and I were married," Grandma said comfortably. "I wanted a church wedding with candlelight ceremony. Willie wanted a quiet home wedding. He won. I cried my eyes out. Then mama had a talk with me. But I had my way about the honeymoon. And from then on, mostly. By that time I'd learned about feedback."

"Feed-back?" Gwen repeated it like a foreign word.

"I'd discovered Willie's key weakness. Contrariness. So I played up to it. People's emotions get grooved, so to speak. Or maybe you call it a rut. Rather than cry over this fact, you just direct your approach through whatever rut it is they happen to fall into. Only mama didn't call it that. She called it feedback. In feedback, mama said, you tell the man what he wants to hear. You spoonfeed him. Disguised like. You use a spoon with the handle so long it takes his mind off whatever it is you're asking him to swallow."

Gwen gasped. "But that's deceit. It's hypocrisy!"

"It is, ain't it?" Grandma said mildly. "But if the person you love is ruled by weakness, what other method does it leave you?"

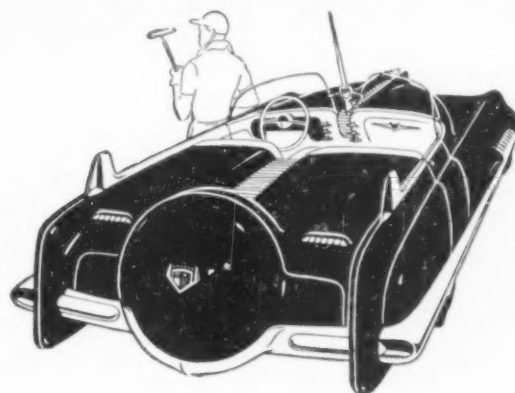
"Frankness," Gwen stated firmly. "You can tell him exactly what you think—like I did Tom about the ring."

"The only difference between us is," Grandma said gently, "I didn't want to lose Willie."

The silence was thoughtful. Grandma got up and got more pea pods.

"You're lucky Tom's generous," Grandma said. "With me it was the other way round. Willie was stingy. But I loved him anyway. Only I'd learned he was more contrary than stingy. Well, that first winter I needed a new coat, so I asked Willie to look at coats with me—you know, like I needed his advice. I tried on a cloth coat, then a fur coat. Then I began to play up the cloth coat. It was practical, I said. Willie said it was shoddy. We couldn't afford a fur coat, I told Willie. Willie said a fur coat was an investment, because you could wear it several seasons. I said I'd think it over." Grandma laughed drily. "For nearly two weeks I kept building up the cloth coat while Willie tore my sales talk down. Finally I gave in, reluctant-like, and let Willie buy me

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You thought, my pet, that I'd forget

Our yearly celebration,
But I'm the kind who keeps in mind
His every obligation.

Today, my dear, our seventh year

Of married life has ended.
You see, I do keep dates in view—
My memory is splendid.

Ah, yes, this date we celebrate
Our years of joy and sorrow.
What's that you say? It's not today?
It's not until tomorrow?

—Richard Wheeler

the fur coat. Then I told him how smart he was every time I wore it."

The pea pods fell rhythmically. "But suppose you had got stuck with the cloth coat?" Gwen asked, practical.

"That happened once on some gold curtains. I really wanted the blue ones. You see, Willie had just closed a business deal I didn't know about—profitable, I guess—so for once he agreed with me. Well, sir, I was stuck. I tried to be a good loser. It took considerable thinking to get out of that one."

"What did you do?" Gwen sounded breathless.

"Invited all our friends to come see the gold curtains." Grandma's tone held nostalgic merriment. "I'd ask 'em to come when I knew Willie would be home. Then I'd brag about how much we liked them. How Willie liked them too. We both liked 'em, I'd insist. Finally Willie took to sitting nights in the kitchen. When I asked him how come, he said it was because he couldn't stand sight of those blankety gold curtains any longer. I told Willie, concerned, if he felt like that I'd just give 'em to the Salvation Army. So that's exactly what I did. Then I went back and bought the blue ones." Grandma's words held laughter bubbles. "Willie was pleased as Punch. Thought I did it all for him."

Gwen's silence implied disapproval. "You see," Grandma said, "love is a little bit like gambling. You have to be willing to take a few losses while you're perfecting your system."

"Love?" Gwen said, appalled. "It sounds more like a skin game. Ruthless."

"Willie never hesitated to take advantage of me, did he?" Grandma pointed out mildly. "This struggle of who's going to be boss, to my way of thinking, is just another name for self-preservation. It's outwit, or be outwitted."

"That," Gwen condemned, "is a cold-blooded philosophy."

"What's cold-blooded about being happy?" Grandma asked. "Harmony in marriage is no small potatoes, honey. You have to respect whatever promotes it. If a little advice asking makes a man feel important, and you learn to slant it to get whatever you want besides, well—that's simply a return on your investment. What's the harm of a system that leaves everybody happy?"

"It wouldn't leave me happy," Gwen insisted. "My conscience would hurt me."

"Even if you were doing it out of self-protection?" Grandma's tone was dry as last year's leaves.

Gwen stared at Grandma. "What do you mean?"

"I hadn't meant to tell you this, honey," Grandma said reluctantly. "But the men folks framed up on you. Carrie heard 'em. Tom was just following out his grandpa's instructions when he made that big to-do about the ring. 'Win the first argument,' Willie told him, 'and the rest will be easy.' You see, they don't mind making us jump through hoops—if they can."

"I—I don't believe it," Gwen's voice broke on the last word, almost crying.

I forgot all about being a silent witness. I stood up on the sundeck. "You don't have to," I shouted. "Ask Tom."

Grandma looked up, startled. "For goodness sake, Big Ears, have you been up there all this time?"

Big Ears! That was a name I thought I'd outgrown. I said, "I have to study algebra somewhere, don't I?"

Grandma went on just as if I hadn't spoken. "If Tom does win this first argument, Gwen, what do you lose? You don't. You gain a fair-sized diamond. That's your experience. Next

The Mystery of Bliss Carman's Ashes

ARE the ashes under the Bliss Carman monument at Fredericton, N.B., really Bliss Carman's ashes? Or are they plain coal ashes shaken out of a furnace? For years now New Brunswickers have wondered about this.

Carman, who was born at Fredericton in 1861 and became Canada's foremost poet, died in 1929 near New York. His body was cremated. The New Brunswick Government decided that the ashes of such a famous native son should be brought home and buried at Fredericton. The late Miles B. Dixon, secretary of the executive council of the province, was given the task of making the necessary arrangements.

The dedication service was held in a hillside cemetery, and although the rain was pouring down, hundreds of prominent New Brunswickers attended. The late Sir George Foster, once a classmate of Carman's at the University of New Brunswick, delivered a moving and eloquent eulogy at the monument.



But Miles Dixon long afterward told close friends that when he went to the United States to get Carman's ashes he found they had already been scattered over the Hudson River in accordance with the poet's wishes. He and two New Yorkers who liked Carman wanted to see him honored with state rites at Fredericton so they filled an urn with furnace ashes. That, at least, was the story that Dixon told some of his friends.

Dixon claimed that what he did was justified because Fredericton people had not understood long-haired aesthetic-faced Carman and his Bohemian outlook, and had not treated him particularly well in life.

"They laughed at Carman," he related, "then mourned over coal ashes."

Dixon was a great practical joker. Did he actually substitute coal ashes for the ashes of the poet, as a sort of wry joke? Or was he joking when he said he did this?—Grattan Gray.

FOOTNOTES ON THE FAMOUS

Do you know any humorous or revealing anecdotes about notable people? For authenticated incidents, Maclean's will pay \$50. Mail to Footnotes on the Famous, Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto. No contributions can be returned.

time you can spoonfeed him into saying no to whatever it is you've already made up your mind you don't want anyway. But he's asserted himself, hasn't he? Sure, and he's happy. And you're happy because you're pleasing Tom and you've got whatever you want besides. Now I'll tell you how the system works on Willie—"

JUST then our telephone rang. Gwen and Grandma looked questioningly at each other. Gwen said, "Perhaps that's Tom calling?" She sounded both hopeful and fearful.

"Answer it, Carrie," said Grandma. I ran downstairs. But the voice wasn't Tom's. "It's Grandpa, calling from the office," I called through the open window. "He wants to talk to you, Grandma."

"About the dinner, I'll bet. Tell him to hang up and I'll call him back on Gwen's phone."

I relayed the message and went back to the sundeck. Grandma was saying, "Today's mine and Willie's anniversary. At first we were going to have the Johnsons over, but Mr. Johnson got called out of town. Then I thought it would be nice to eat out for a change but I knew Willie would be contrary if I suggested it. So I told him, unless he had his heart set on eating downtown or somewhere, that I was going to invite the Simmses instead. Willie can't abide the Simmses. Do you suppose this could be my invitation to dine out?"

Grandma went to Gwen's telephone and dialed a number.

"Willie?" Grandma said. "I tried to call Elvie but her phone doesn't answer. I'll try again later. You what? You're not coming home?" Grandma sounded exasperated. "But, Willie, I've ordered a chicken and baked a cake and—Well, it's a fine time to tell me." Grandma winked broadly at Gwen. "Oh, I suppose the stuff will keep." Grandma sounded cross, reconsidering. "Oh, all right, have it your way, Willie. Where do you want me to meet you?"

Grandma hung up, humming a tune. "We're going to the Biltmore," she announced grandly. "My, I'll have to air my black silk. Think I'll wear the hat with the pink veil—the one he says that always makes me look so foxy." Grandma hurried home and began to wash her hair, singing Take Me Out To The Ball Game.

Gwen stood on the back porch, frowning thoughtfully down at all those shelled peas. "Softie!" she said to herself, and gave the peas an impatient shove. She walked determinedly to the telephone and dialed a number fast. "Tom?" she said rushing. Then she looked up and saw me on the sundeck. "Excuse me," Gwen said, and closed the window noisily.

Well, even I can take a hint that broad. As I went downstairs, carrying my algebra, Gwen went back to the telephone.

Grandma had soapsuds in her hair. "She's calling him up now, Grandma," I said.

"Sure enough?" Grandma reached for the platinum rinse, not really sur-

prised. "Carrie, have you seen my lapel pin—the rhinestone greyhound?" Grandma sounded like some girl with a heavy date on her mind.

"It's on my blue coat," I said, and went to unpin it.

Just as I laid the pin on Grandma's dresser I heard curb finders scrape in front of Gwen's house. Grandma looked through the window as Tom jumped out of the car. "He made good time, didn't he?" Grandma said. Tom's filling station is just three blocks away.

I took my algebra and sat by the window. But Gwen's window remained closed.

Tom stayed about twenty minutes. His car sounded like a B-29 as he took off.

Pretty soon Gwen came out to get the dishtowels. Her hair was combed differently. "Hi, Carrie." She waved to me, all smiles. The diamond flashed sun glints.

"It blinds me," I said.

Gwen said, "Want to try it on?" She sounded just like my big sister as she came over to the hole in the hedge.

"Jeepers!" I said, thinking how some man might some day spend seven hundred and eighty bucks on me, just because my love for him was a symbol of his happiness when I said yes.

Grandma came out with a towel wrapped about her head. "What did you say to him, honey?"

Gwen smiled shamelessly. "First I told him what a sap I was. For a schoolteacher, I told him, I didn't have any brains at all. I told him I'd decided being practical wasn't as important as being happy. Then I told him how beautiful it was."

"The ring?" I said, handing it back to Gwen.

"No, the sentiment that prompted him to buy it. Until I suffered, I told him, I couldn't appreciate fully how sweet that was, his wanting to build a monument to our courtship. I told him the reason I was such a penny pincher was because I'm really extravagant at heart, and I've just been afraid to let myself go because I don't trust my own judgment. But I told him this experience had taught me my lesson. After this, I told him, I was going to respect his judgment on all things, including the cookstove. And then I asked him if he thought he could keep me straight."

"How did he rise to that one?" Grandma asked, interested.

"He said of course he could keep me straight. Then he told me how practical he was. And I agreed. We're planning to start looking at houses Sunday. I'm not sure I've discovered his key weakness yet. I mean it may not be extravagance after all, it may be something else. But I've got to have something to practice on, so I'm taking extravagance to start with. First I've decided to start out by admiring the fifty-thousand-dollar homes and then throw myself on his good judgment. That way, I figure, he'll start talking me down to something we can afford." Gwen paused, breathlessly. "How'm I doing?"

"For a beginner, honey," Grandma cautioned, "you're laying it on a little thick. But experience will teach you the right blend. It's sort of like salad

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dressings. Not too thick. Not too thin. He's swallowed it all so far, hasn't he?"

"He swallowed it," Gwen stated, without regret.

I turned away. It was too much. I suddenly disliked Gwen and Grandma very much, seeing them for the ruthless scheming females they were. And I was overcome with pity for my brother Tom. Even if he did pinch me when I wasn't looking and call me Big Ears, I knew it was up to me to save him.

I went straight to the garage and rolled out my bicycle.

"My rear tire's low, Grandma," I said. "I'm going down to the filling station to get some air."

Grandma eyed me shrewdly. "Remember, now, Carrie. Gwen's one of the family, so no tale carrying. We women folks have to stick together—if we survive."

"I'll remember, Grandma."

I rode away blindly. I felt like Samson felt, probably, just before he jerked the pillars out that wrecked the temple. Just so would I wreck Tom's and Gwen's love. For unless I told Tom how Gwen and Grandma were plotting against him Tom would go through life jumping through hoops. And, what was worse, he wouldn't ever suspect that it was he who was doing the jumping.

I felt like a Crusader. But it wasn't a blind crusade. I felt my power. But mixed in with the power were little grains of common-sense reasoning. A little voice kept whispering, but have you the right? Have you the right to wreck their temple? I was breathless when I reached the filling station. I was trembling.

A BIG car was just driving away and a smaller car stood by the gas pump. I was too nervous to recognize it as Grandma's old coupe—until Grandma spoke, behind the steering wheel. "So it looks like you've got her eating out of your hand again?"

Tom's voice came from the right front wheel where he was stooped over, putting air in Grandma's tire. "It worked just like you said it would, Grandma."

The coupe stood between Tom and me. The rubber wheels of my bicycle made no sound at all on the paved driveway as I braked to a slow stop. Tom sounded smug, as always, and stuck on himself. "I held out till I won that first argument. Now I've got her asking my advice. She's asking me now what I think about houses and cookstoves."

"Good," Grandma chuckled. "At first it seems a shame to take advantage of 'em, son. But many a man is ruined by being too soft. Women will boss you if they can. It's human nature. So the best way is to assert yourself early, like I did with Betsy. You see how we get along now." Grandma sounded pretty smug himself. "Like about this dinner tonight. I put my foot down, told Betsy plain out I wouldn't be bothered with the Simmses. Now she's willing to come downtown tonight and have dinner with me. It pays to be firm, son. Sort of survival of the fittest."

In that moment I was recalling Grandma's own words. "We women folks have to stick together if we survive." Only they held a different meaning for me now. *Outwit or be outwitted*, Grandma had said.

I felt a new respect for Grandma's wisdom. And I was proud of being a woman, potentially speaking. Women are subtle. Grandma and Gwen weren't really mean, I was seeing. They were simply fast thinkers who saw things clearly. They were just one jump ahead.

Tom turned, reaching for the dollar Grandma was holding out for the gas, and saw me climbing off the bicycle. Startled, he looked. How much had I heard, said all those questions in Tom's eyes. In the special loud tone big brothers reserve for kid sisters Tom rudely demanded, "What do you want, Big Ears?"

A little courtesy might have changed my brother's entire future. But . . . Big Ears! Those two words sealed his destiny.

As I unwound the air hose, releasing air into my rear tire—which wasn't

very flat, after all—I had a sudden vision of Tom jumping through hoops. A long avenue of hoops. The scene unwound in my mind. A row of pretty girls were holding the hoops. And every one of the girls was Gwen. Tom had a bandage over his eyes. But he went on jumping just the same. Only the picture wasn't tragic any longer. It was well, it was just like it should be. After all, as Grandma says, what's wrong with a system that works?

I tossed my curls, very sophisticated. "I hear you're engaged again?" I said, casual like. "Re-congratulations, bro-

ther." I rode off fast, enjoying his round-eyed stare.

"Girls!" Tom grunted, contemptuous. "What do they know?" he said to Grandma.

I smiled, superior. And I learned something. Silence can be subtle. And subtlety is a woman's most valuable weapon. Like Grandma says, skill comes with practice. A girl needs practice.

I did a quick take of all the boys I knew. Who, I wondered, could I start using the long-handled spoon on next? ★

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½ tsp. salt
3 tbsps. granulated sugar
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1 egg, well beaten
½ cup (about) milk

¼ tsp. ground cinnamon
Thick raspberry jam

Sift twice, flour, baking powder, salt and 2 tbsps. sugar. Cut in fat finely. Combine egg and milk. Make a well in flour mixture; add liquid; mix lightly, adding milk if necessary, to make a soft dough. Knead 10 seconds on floured board; roll ½-inch thick and cut. Arrange on greased pan; make deep hollow in each round; brush with milk and sprinkle with mixture of remaining 1 tsp. sugar and cinnamon. Fill hollows with jam. Bake in hot oven, 425°, about 12 minutes. Add a little more jam. Yield: 1 dozen tarts.

What Makes a Woman CHOOSE SUCH A LIFE?

You see her walking down the street... and maybe you wonder about her.

She isn't fashionably dressed like other women. She wears no lipstick, no make-up, no high heels or nylons. Instead of a "perky" hat, her head is covered by a hood and veil. Her dress is a billowing, full-length habit that bears little resemblance to feminine fashions.

And as she passes by, you realize that here is a woman different from others not only in dress... but in her entire way of life. Here is one who has deliberately turned her back upon the worldly pleasures which other women seek and enjoy. And perhaps you wonder why a woman should give up all this to become a Catholic nun.

Is it because she is afraid to face the world and its responsibilities? Is it because she lacks talents that other women possess and therefore seeks shelter in the convent? Is she devoid of maternal instinct? Or does she choose the life of a nun because she thinks it is easier and more secure than life in a world of fluctuating economic conditions?

No—a nun who will knock at your door asking for alms for the poor surely is not afraid of the world. A Catholic sister competent to teach in a school... and often highly gifted in the arts and languages... is surely not lacking in talents. Nor can anyone who has seen a Catholic nun mothering a grievously sick person in a hospital... or even in a leper colony... believe that she is lacking in the maternal instinct.

What is it, then, that prompts a woman to turn her back upon the pleasures and luxuries of the world for a life of poverty, chastity and obedience? How is it that hundreds of thousands of women do this... many of them coming from well-to-do families which could supply their every need and wish? What is the spark that fires



their zeal for God, and for humanity?

The answer is, of course, that the heart of a nun is filled with the desire to serve God. And that desire is the product of her Catholic Faith. If you doubt the compelling power of Catholic belief, remember this fact... the Catholic Church is the only institution on earth having large numbers of such consecrated women who devote their lives to the work of Christ in schools and hospitals, in orphanages and old peoples' homes, and among the poor and sick in every land.

Perhaps you would not or could not become a nun, or a priest, or a religious of the Catholic Church. Perhaps you would not even want to be a Catholic. But you should inform yourself concerning the teachings and beliefs of the Church which can inspire such magnificent sacrifice and service.



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Backstage at Ottawa

Continued from page 5

thing they had some warning. Secret orders went out to district officers commanding weeks in advance, warning them to prepare for the recruiting-for-Europe campaign. Recruiting stations were enlarged and properly staffed; proper quarters for medical examination were found or set up. And in the handling of 1951 applicants all standards are being strictly maintained.

For example, the new system of direct recruiting officer material went into effect a couple of months ago. By the end of June they had had 333 applicants of whom 143 had been rejected, 149 accepted, and 41 were pending. For all ranks the percentage of rejection at the recruiting station is high, but the rate of discharge after enlistment is negligible.

In spite of this strictness the flow of recruits has been adequate so far. By July 1, the total enrolled for the European Brigade was around ten thousand, with reasonable expectation that the intake would be maintained at about a thousand a month until the end of the year.

Recruiting officers are missing no bets. In June the Ford Motor Company announced its intention to lay off workers because of the sales slump caused by credit restrictions. In a matter of days the army had sent a special recruiting team to Windsor, Ont., to enlarge and streamline facilities and to step up advertising in the area.

Incidentally there is no ceiling or "target" in this campaign. They want all the men they can get. Canada is developing her own version of the "Cardwell System" that served Britain so well from 1870 to World War I—a regiment at home for every regiment abroad. As one officer remarked: "It's a good system for manning a Roman Wall, and it looks as if we'll be manning a wall for fifty years or more."

* * *

Now that the pain has eased in the affected parts even Liberals are inclined to admit that the kicking around they got a month ago was a good thing from every point of view.

To the Progressive Conservatives, of course, it was a potent shot in the arm. It's years and years since they have had such a sweep in by-elections—four at a crack, and scattered all the way from Brandon to Prince Edward Island. And victory couldn't have come at a better time; had they lost all four (as some of their own pessimists expected) the effect would have been shattering. There would have been renewed outcries for George Drew's head on a platter, preferably garnished with the mortal remains of George Nowlan, national president of the Progressive Conservative Association.

Now, both the Georges are enjoying a new high in prestige within the party. This in turn has a good effect on morale; both the personal morale of the men themselves (which is important to the whole party) and the morale of their followers. There's a general feeling that the Progressive Conservative Party is back on its feet again and going places.

Politics aside, that's good news for Canada. Many a thoughtful Liberal, including Prime Minister St. Laurent himself, feels occasional twinges of worry about the future of the Progressive Conservative Party. They know democracy can't prosper without an effective opposition capable of providing an alternative government.

ID AND OUT AGAIN

Go chase yourself, in order to
Find the Real, the Inner You.
Give full attention to the urge
To burrow deep within and purge;
Bare your soul for all to see,
Find solace in psychiatry!
For every action there's a cause
And absolution's yours, because
When sinning to the maximum,
You can pin the blame on Mom!
While those who do not penetrate
Quietly disintegrate,
Your seams will never sag apart...
O, happy are the Jung in heart!

—PATRICIA SKINNER

They can't see the CCF achieving that capacity in the predictable future. If the PCs had continued to wither away we would have faced a prospect of interminable one-party government, which even the Liberals themselves wouldn't welcome.

Equally good, for Canada, was the drubbing the Liberals got. They richly deserved it. In two of the four ridings they put up candidates whom they knew, and openly admitted, to be inferior in qualifications to the Progressive Conservative candidates. They expected to win anyway, because the figures of 1949 showed they had such a wide margin.

Liberal strategists cheerfully instructed their men not to hold too many meetings, not to stir up too much interest, not to talk about issues. People were apathetic, and that was just dandy. The orders were to waste no time on anyone who showed the slightest doubt about which way to vote. Grit organizers' job was to locate the people who were sure to vote Liberal, and get those people to the polls. By a simple mathematical calculation the Grits were sure this strategy would win if they got out even half the people who voted for Ralph Maybank in 1949 they'd have more than all the people who voted in 1949 for the Progressive Conservative candidate, Col. Churchill.

When a party develops that kind of cynicism it badly needs a trip to the cleaners.

Brandon was the only one of the four ridings where the election was fought on national issues. There, two able and competent candidates were equally qualified and (so far as one can learn from either party) about equally popular as individuals. Defeated Liberal Grant MacEwan himself described the result as "a protest vote."

Protest against what? The Liberals would like to be certain. But in Brandon, at least, it seems to have been a protest against the Government's wheat policy.

"Next time Doug Abbott has sixty-five millions to give away he might as well keep it in Montreal," one cynical observer remarked.

Apparently the bonus to wheat farmers hadn't worked even in the wheat belt. The PCs had an unanswerable argument: If the British wheat contract was a good idea why should Ottawa have to pay off the western farmer at all? And if it wasn't a good contract why did they make it in the first place?

Liberals have a great many answers for these questions—in fact they can go on for hours and hours, and they do. But in Brandon, at least, people don't seem to have listened. ★

We're Missing Our Future In the North

Continued from page 7

and from Alaska come the cautious warnings of government officials and settlers: don't come north—there is a housing shortage here. And letters the Canadian Information Service gets from would-be pioneers read: "Where is the climate mildest? Are the roads good? Will I be near good stores and movies?"

When the Pilgrims came to Massachusetts and the French to Quebec several centuries ago there was a type of housing shortage—there were no houses at all. This doesn't seem to have bothered them, for they fell to and built their own houses. They never thought of writing back to England and France to warn people about the housing shortage. And when the western United States and the Canadian prairies were settled there were no houses waiting for the people who poured west in wagons. (In fact there were no roads.)

The men who became rich through cattle ranching, wheat farming and fur trading didn't wait for someone to establish facilities for them. They built cabins and huts for themselves. Oiled paper or parchment served as their windows the first few years. Wood fires or straw-burning stoves kept them warm and open trenches provided bathroom facilities. And ultimately they won a better life for themselves.

But you won't win a better life by staying at home and waiting for someone else to get things ready for you. The greatest opportunities of our century are in northern Canada, but only for those who have the intellectual courage to go north and find them. (I say intellectual courage, for the perils of the northern frontier are mostly in the mind.)

People Prefer to Go South

If you are afraid to go into a wilderness where there are neither roads, houses, electric power nor other civilized benefits, northern Canada is not for you. If you think you can build your own house of timber (or sod in the northern prairie and tundra areas), if you can light your house with tallow candles for a few years, make your own windows of animal hide and clothes of animal skins, if you still have some of that vanished pioneer spirit, there may be a wonderful life and possibly a wealthy future for you beyond the frontier.

But perhaps you think the north is too grim and severe for a proper human existence. This is a fairly common idea; indeed, men at every period of history have thought the ultimate limit of the northward civilization had already been reached. The Egyptians didn't see much future for Greece and the Romans thought Britain was good only for barbarians; even in 1763 the British and French, discussing peace terms at the end of one of their wars, juggled Canada against the island of Guadeloupe. The British finally accepted Canada.

We have the same shortsightedness today, largely because no one wants to take a chance or brave a few imagined hardships. It is commonly agreed that the Soviets are half a century behind us in many ways. But in one way this is a great advantage for them—for they still have the pioneering spirit of half a century ago. In the past few decades the shifting population in North America has drifted southwest in the United States toward southern California, and in

Canada toward southern B. C. But in the Soviet the movement is north and east toward the Arctic and away from Europe. Our continent has no city of fifty thousand more northerly than Edmonton (53° 30' N.); but north of that latitude the Soviets have at least fifty cities of more than fifty thousand. Moscow is more than one hundred and fifty miles farther north than Edmonton and its winters are both longer and colder, yet it has a population of more than five million people who complain no more about their weather than Londoners or New Yorkers. Canada's most northerly settlement, Aklavik, one hundred miles north of the Arctic circle, has a population of two hundred; in the Soviet Union, Norilsk, one hundred miles farther north, had a population of forty thousand ten years ago and is presumably much larger now.

Look at it another way. When I was commander of the Canadian Arctic expedition from 1913 to 1918 some of my men were carried westward in their boat by ice and forced to winter on uninhabited Wrangel Island, a ninety-mile piece of land in the Chukotsk Sea, ninety miles north of the eastern Siberian coast. For most of them it was a terrible ordeal and only those few who had learned to adapt themselves to the Arctic fared well. The rest stayed in their tents, ate tinned foods and got weak. I knew from reports brought back to me, however, that there was plenty of game to be had and that a man who lived according to Eskimo techniques could feed, clothe and house himself comfortably on this supposedly terrible island. Furthermore it was in an excellent position to make weather reports to Canada and Alaska and had an immensely strategic location. The ownership of Wrangel Island was uncertain, at least four nations having some vague claim, but none a clear one and none caring very much.

I pleaded with the Canadian Government to back a small expedition to Wrangel and thus establish the British claim. My pleas came to nothing. Eventually in 1921 I helped outfit four white men and an Eskimo seamstress and sent them up to Wrangel, hoping to claim it for Canada and/or Britain until she was ready to claim it for herself. Unfortunately the four men did not adapt themselves to Arctic conditions and got panicky. They all perished—three apparently by misadventure, trying to get across the frozen sea to Siberia, and one from malnutrition. The Eskimo woman, who remained on the island living in the well-worked-out native methods of survival, was quite healthy and normal when found later.

After two years a relief party of a dozen Alaskan Eskimos, with a white man in command, went up to continue the interrupted colonization. But by this time the Soviet Union had decided to end this "imperialist adventure," and sent the gunboat Red October to Wrangel, removed and imprisoned the colonists and claimed that Wrangel had always been hers.

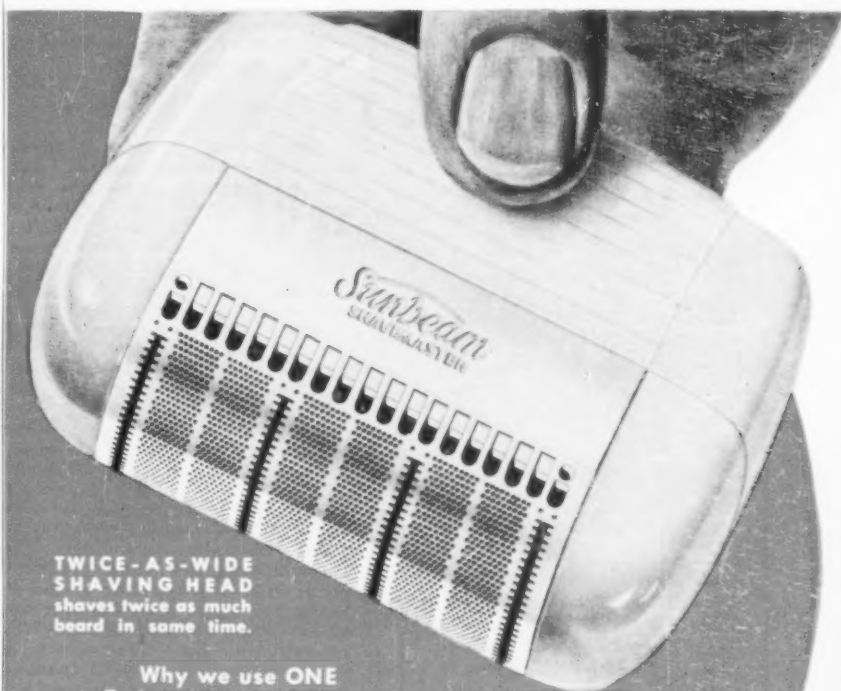
By 1926 a first band of Soviet colonists arrived and began to build houses and facilities for themselves. Wrangel was a pioneering adventure to them; they apparently did not regard it as a hardship. All did not go easily and smoothly, for no new project does. But slowly the community took hold and improved itself. Today Wrangel has a population somewhere in the hundreds; the last we knew they were all volunteers. They live in a handful of scattered communities, raise vegetables in hothouses, graze reindeer on the tundra, generate electric power through windmills and

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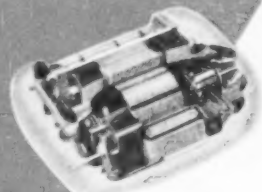


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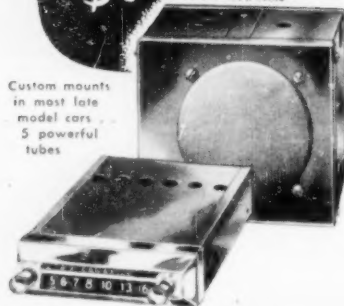
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earn their keep by trapping foxes and shooting polar bears. Wrangel sends weather information to the mainland by radio regularly; during the war this weather service was of great value to U. S. operations in Alaska and today it continues highly useful to Soviet shipping and flying.

In today's military and political situation it seems almost unnecessary to point out again what a fantastically valuable asset Wrangel Island would have been to North America—except for lack of a pioneering spirit on the part of the governments involved.

I do not say that Wrangel is a highly profitable piece of land or that it provides the rich and rewarding life. I do say that here was land on which Arctic explorers who had not learned the ways of the north had trouble surviving, and which was thought worthless, but which has proved capable of providing an adequate, comfortable and healthful life to modern men. In comparison with Wrangel most of the lands of northern Canada are subtropical and lush. If Wrangel can support such a healthy little community, then the entire Mackenzie Basin should be teeming with settlers and lusty cities—a Canadian parallel of the great Mississippi Valley.

Land Untouched by Plow

Canada's oldest business, of course, is trapping and fur trading, and I suppose most of those people who ever think of pioneering in the north first think of this. But this is a limited view. A trapper's life has no great future for the new pioneer. It is old thinking. As for becoming an independent fur trader, competing with the Hudson's Bay Company is a losing game for an individual.

But consider the possibility of truly adapting yourself to the north in the fur business. Instead of trapping (which, incidentally, is now closely regulated by the provincial governments to prevent serious depletion of animal reserves), why not go into fur ranching? One of the most expensive items in the upkeep of a fox or mink ranch is food for the animals. But an enterprising man could locate his ranch on a major lake or stream in northern Canada, catch his own fish all year round and feed his animals at practically no cost. You might have to live beyond the reach of so-called civilized comforts for a while—but then so did a lot of the people whose names are now in history books.

Much easier to envisage, though financially less exciting, is the possibility of agriculture. In the days of great land hunger men trekked two thousand miles across the plains and the Rockies to get to the fertile valleys of Washington and Oregon. It is only a change in the human spirit—helped out by misconceptions about the climate of the north—that keeps men from trekking north to where vast rich lands lie, untouched by plow and harrow.

Is northern Canada too far north for farming? More than twenty years ago the Canadian Department of Agriculture tried out test plots in northern Manitoba, at Cormorant Lake and The Pas, and got good crops of spring wheat, potatoes and garden vegetables. Other tests have shown that good hay crops and hardy vegetables can be grown as far north as Dawson in the Yukon (about 64°N.) and Good Hope on the Mackenzie, just south of the Arctic Circle. Wheat has been successfully grown as far north as Fort Vermilion (58°N.) and without hot-house methods has matured even at the mouth of the Thunder River, fifty miles north of the Arctic Circle.

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Who is he?

READ ABOUT HIM IN MACLEAN'S AUGUST 15 ISSUE

Without going this far north you can bypass the great barren area of the Canadian shield and find huge areas of rich agricultural land almost untouched. The Hay River, which flows north into Great Slave Lake through northern Alberta, drains a huge fertile valley that would be excellent for wheat and mixed farming. For lack of a railroad connection it is largely fallow.

The Peace River valley in northern Alberta, also flowing into Great Slave Lake, has something like two and a half million acres of arable land waiting for settlers. In the Yukon there are another half million acres of good farmland (about one thousand acres are under cultivation so far, the rest being vacant), and northern British Columbia has almost a million acres more. Including far northerly valleys, which would be excellent for grazing though not for cereal farming, J. F. Booth, of the Federal Department of Agriculture, estimated a few years ago that in all Canada there are about twenty-five million acres of unused and accessible agricultural land.

In Quebec settlers can buy crown lands at thirty cents per acre. Manitoba will either sell farmland for a ten percent down payment or lease it at a dollar an acre for crop cultivation, or four cents an acre for grazing. B. C. sells crown lands at anywhere from one to five dollars per acre. Most of the lush Peace River Valley lands within B. C. are still available at these rates. All in all, an immense amount of rich farmland is available in northern Canada at rates found almost nowhere else in the world.

Summer Days Are Longer

You may object: without railroad connections how can a farmer get his crops to any market? Why bother farming out in the middle of nowhere?

The men and women on the wagon trains of the last century didn't see it that way. They had land hunger and a desire for farms of their own. And they had faith in the future. The railroad would come to them, they knew. In the meantime, he who waited for everything to be ready would end up with nothing. (The far north, incidentally, while waiting for railroads, is now getting irregular but fairly good transportation via river steamers, bush planes and tractor trains.)

You may object: aren't the summers short and the temperatures low? But the fact is that the longer days and more constant light of the northern summers make up for these things. Ottawa has 4,424 hours of sunshine per year and an average summer temperature of sixty-seven degrees. The Hay Valley, one thousand miles more northerly, has an average summer temperature of only fifty-five degrees but has 4,462 hours of sunshine per year. Temperatures drop lower than in southern Canada, but they rise as high, and sometimes higher, in the summer. I have sweltered at ninety in the shade many times—north of the Arctic Circle.

If farming is not to your taste, perhaps you should think of the great future Canada has, or can have, through its mineral resources. The mineral wealth of Canada is little known as yet, but everyone has heard of the copper-zinc mines at Flin Flon in Manitoba, now producing more than five thousand tons of ore a day. Gold mining is well established in the Yellowknife district north of Great Slave Lake, while on the eastern side of Great Bear Lake deposits of radium found in 1930 were large enough to topple the world price of that commodity. Throughout the north of Canada there are geological indications of copper, zinc, gold, silver and tin deposits; but seventy percent of the areas geologically favorable to the occurrence of these metals has never even been mapped, much less carefully prospected.

Obtaining a license for prospecting on vacant crown lands is simple in most provinces. Some of them actually help you to an amazing extent. Under the Saskatchewan Prospectors' Assistance Plan of 1948, for instance, would-be prospectors are screened by the government. When accepted they are flown free of charge into the desired area. The government lends them tents, canoes and maps. Every thirty days a plane will fly in and pick up samples of their findings for assay, up to a limit of twelve free assays. If they find anything good they may stake out a claim of four hundred and fifty acres per man and start operations.

Maybe you wouldn't care for prospecting. Too uncertain, too heart-breaking. Well, hundreds of thousands of square miles of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta unsuitable for farming and prospecting are covered with many kinds of timber. Black spruce, jackpine, balsam fir, poplar and birch are abundant. Enterprising lumbermen seriously overcut the finest stands until provincial governments began to control the industry; but even so there are still immense opportunities both in lumber and paper pulp in the north.

Vast areas have been untouched because of the lack of road facilities. But it is my view that the pioneer, the man of vision and courage, would find ways to solve such a problem. Many people enjoy books or movies that tell of the tremendous marches early western cattlemen had to make to get their stock to market: a thousand miles over open country with several thousand head of cattle. But we are loath to try similar adventures ourselves, even though the stakes are high. Yet men with that kind of courage would find ways to bring Canada's great timber reserves into production, and make fortunes at it.

But Canada's greatest natural resource may well prove to be oil, that be-all and do-all of modern life. Since 1920 I have been one of many who have told Canadians that, instead of passively watching the development of oil fields in the Near East, Canada ought to be pressing for development

of her own vast resources. If there should be a war it would be far safer to have producing fields in Canada than far across the ocean near Soviet borders.

The world's petroleum is found in sediments deposited at the bottom of former seas many millions of years ago. Running upstream from the mouth of the Mackenzie southeast through Canada, and then generally southward in a wide swath across Canada and the U. S. to the Gulf of Mexico, is the zone geologically favorable for oil discoveries. Canada, sixteenth on the list of the world's oil producers, has most of its producing wells in southern Alberta, the largest near Edmonton. But north of the 60th parallel and largely untouched are half a million square miles of Canadian land geologically favorable to oil deposits. Add to this the Canadian oil potential south of the 60th parallel, where eighteen hundred wells are now in operation—already supplying a third of Canada's oil and oil products consumption—and you get the picture of a tremendous future.

From Edmonton a pipeline now carries oil clear to Superior, Wis., from where it goes to refineries. One common explanation why the more northerly oil-potential areas have not been explored is the difficulty of getting the oil out. But the far northern fields could either make connections with Edmonton or send their product down the Mackenzie, then via a pipeline over the low divide to Eagle, Alaska, and down the Yukon Valley by ship, or by a pipeline paralleling the Alaskan Railway, to Anchorage.

Blossoms in the Arctic

Besides the normal kind of oil-well operation Canada undoubtedly has a bright future in the world's greatest single deposit of oil reserves—the famous Athabaska "tar sands." Near McMurray, at the railroad two hundred miles north of Edmonton, the Research Council of Alberta and the Federal Department of Mines started experiments about 1925 on the problem of mining and extracting oil from the tar-colored black sand of this region—so richly soaked in oil that it can be squeezed out with your bare hands. The problem is to recover enough oil from each ton of sand to make the thing economically feasible. Geologists have said that the Athabaska deposits include a staggering eight thousand square miles of territory, and that the probable total quantity of recoverable oil in the sand is somewhere between 100 and 250 billion barrels—more than has been used by the whole world since the beginning of the petroleum industry.

After a generation of experiments and business failures in the tar-sand area oilmen now know how to extract more than ninety percent of the oil by a hot-water flotation process. There still are some problems, such as how to mine the sand economically in winter, when it becomes hard and rocklike; but S. M. Blaire, a petroleum engineer with the Alberta Government, said a few months ago that if a pipeline were run from the tar-sand area to Edmonton the oil now produceable at Bitumount from tar sand could be sold at competitive prices on the Great Lakes. Whether the tar sands will become the world's greatest oil source in the next generation, or whether instead new finds and coal cracking will win out, I cannot say. But if there is a war I think we shall all wish that the oil industry and the federal and provincial governments had not been so cautious and slow-moving about the tar sands.

But technical problems are not the



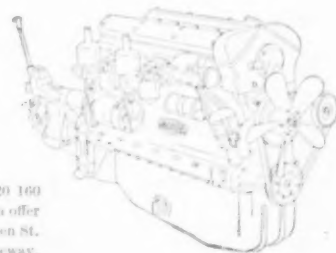
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major obstacles in the way of Canada's greatness. It is man's own prejudices. The belief in difficulties that do not exist is the most powerful force in keeping Canada a relatively small nation in the world's affairs.

All my life I have met people who are convinced that the farther north you go the colder it gets. When I was exploring on floating polar ice with three companions during my third expedition I reached eighty degrees of north latitude and found the temperatures not as cold as certain midwestern U. S. winters of my youth. The factors that determine temperature are numerous (altitude and nearness to ocean currents are two of the most important), and distance from the equator is not always the main one.

People also believe that the Arctic is a "frozen waste," deeply covered with permanent snow. As a man who has often sunk ankle-deep in mud five hundred miles north of the Arctic circle, I can deny this. And far north of the circle I have seen meadows of lovely blossoms in the Arctic summer. The snow in winter, far from lying in a deep blanket over the land, seldom is more than a few inches deep, except in occasional drifts.

But surely, you will say, there can be no life in the remote Arctic, out beyond the reaches of land? Well, with two companions I traveled across the Beaufort Sea on floating ice for three months during the winter and spring of 1914, trying to find some trace of the rumored lands or continent of the polar sea. We purposely traveled light and carried food for only about half our trip, although we knew that when the food ran out we would be hundreds of miles from land and cut off from a direct return by opening leads of water. Nevertheless, from the time our food ran out we lived—and lived well—by shooting and eating seals and bears, which were kind enough to provide us also with oil for fuel and clothes for our bodies. The bears, incidentally, lived on seals; the seals lived on shrimplike crustacea in the water. My continued existence out in the polar sea adequately proved my theory: that life abounds throughout the Arctic, which is definitely neither barren nor lifeless.

When a Soviet polar expedition flew to the Pole in 1937 and landed there it found abundant evidence of many kinds of animal and plant life. The first morning, in fact, the men were awakened by a bird perched upon the tent.

The main point is this: If men choose to believe that the north is lifeless and cruel, they will believe so, no matter what. There are Arctic problems, both imaginary and the real. But the imaginary are the more real, for man finds it easier to change the face of nature than to change his own mind.

Witness the fact that vast tracts of the Northwest Territories are called "Barren Ground." Those words upon a map automatically cause dread in the reader's mind and every Canadian schoolboy knows the so-called Barren Ground is unfit for life. Certainly no one would ever want to think of settling there, or trying to develop that land.

But, far from being barren, the nearly limitless northern plains between Hudson Bay and the mouth of the Mackenzie are covered with a healthy growth of vegetation. It would remind most Canadians strongly of the rolling prairies of Saskatchewan and Alberta (although cereals will not ripen here). During the winter these plains are covered by a few inches of light snow. As grazing grounds they are magnificent—providing you do not

bring your southern ideas with you and try to graze cattle.

During my ten winters in the Arctic I spent time in parts of the Barren Ground, and saw unbelievably large herds of caribou (I estimated one herd at anywhere up to a million). Since I hunted these animals, and personally skinned and dressed the meat, I can say from experience that they were healthy, fat, and in every way adequately sustained by the so-called Barren Ground. Their flesh was delicious—similar to the best beefsteak; and their skins at certain times of year were sound, supple and excellent for clothing. Although I could not milk them the milk of reindeer (the domestic cousin of the caribou) is richer in butterfat content than any but the finest dairy milk.

The Dull Ovibos Tastes Good

In Alaska 1,280 reindeer were brought from Siberia between 1891 and 1902. Herded and tended by native Eskimo and imported Laplanders they multiplied to 750,000 head by the late 1920s. Then, unfortunately, pressure by cattlemen and sheepmen in the United States closed the U. S. market to them. Today only about half that number exist in Alaska.

In 1929, 3,400 reindeer were purchased by the Canadian Government from a Nome firm and were driven 1,800 miles to the east side of the Mackenzie delta. (The trek took five years and of the 2,370 that finally arrived only one fifth were original animals, the rest having been conceived, born and raised en route.) The Government corral at Kittigazuit has raised them since then and found the animals tractable, easy to tend and very much at home on the "barren" tundra. The herd doubled in size within five years, not counting the animals regularly slaughtered for food for the herders and for sale.

In 1916-17 with fifteen companions I spent a year on uninhabited Melville Island, north of the 75th parallel. We had come by sledge without provisions (as was my policy) and lived by hunting. Our chief source of food was the shaggy, sheeplike, hulking ovibos, often misnamed musk-ox. (It neither has musk about it, nor is it an ox.) The long-haired, huge, dull-witted ovibos is perfectly designed to live in the far north. The meat is excellent, the hair makes a wool finer than cashmere and does not shrink when dyed or washed.

The ovibos, unfortunately, was cleared out of most of the mainland of Canada by early hunters, and now only a few thousand exist. They are to be found in the very most northerly

islands, in Greenland, in zoos, in Alaska (where there is one small experimental herd), and in Canada on a game preserve between Baker Lake and Bear Lake. It would take a man of real enterprise to become an ovibos rancher on a large scale, and I am not sure it could actually be accomplished by a private person. But that it would be a magnificent way of using much of the otherwise forbidding northern land, I am certain.

As far as reindeer are concerned the U. S. Department of Agriculture estimated some years ago that Alaska could permanently support about four million head without overgrazing. Since Canada has about ten times as much permanent grazing land, I consider that it could support a reindeer industry of forty million head, which in terms of pounds of meat is equivalent to about eighty million sheep. The musk-ox, whose feeding habits are even better suited to the north than the reindeer, could do far better: I estimate that Canada's north could maintain a hundred million musk-ox, which is the equivalent of four hundred million sheep. What such a vast industry would do for Canada, and what such supplies of food might do to assist in other developments of the north such as mining and oil, I leave to your imagination.

Gold Mine in the Backyard

On the basis of all these things, what will Canada's actual future be? I hesitate to say, for fear of looking like a fool some day in the future. In the past people have made forecasts about the future of lands to the north. They have invariably been low, ridiculously low, in their estimates of the potential of the colder countries. Tacitus, the Roman historian, said no civilized man would ever live north of the Alps, but quite a few people seem to live in Paris and London by choice these days. In spite of my forty-five years of enthusiastic preaching about the north I might make a similar mistake. I might underestimate things almost as badly; on the other hand, the anti-pioneering mood of these times might make me a fool in the other direction.

Let me put it this way then: I am positive, on the basis of all the evidence, that Canada could be industrially as mighty as the United States, and could support at least as many people as the U. S. now has. It is only a question of getting the right point of view toward the north. Unlimited opportunity is waiting for Canadians in their own back yard. They have only to change their minds and go after it. ★

Getting a Woman

Continued from page 18

out what some other guy thinks they look like. Women collect things like that the way they collect snapshots.

Surround yourself with a certain air of mystery. There's no stronger instinct in a woman than curiosity, and she'll let you hang around just to find out what else there is to find out about you. Don't be too quick to let her meet your family and friends, who know all about you. I remember I lost one girl that way. I kept her in a state of romantic excitement for months by just looking into space, smiling and letting a muscle twitch in my jaw. I had her guessing whether I was the illegitimate grandson of a czar or an undercover agent just back from starting a Balkan war.

Then I met her on the street one day when I was with my mother, who told her that I'd been losing weight ever since I'd been made assistant manager of the tie department, and would she please try to talk me into drinking more milk.

Don't let rivals worry you too much. There'll always be a couple of other guys. She'll drop casual remarks about how they took her to a restaurant where they charge twenty-five dollars to light the candles. But don't forget, these guys are taking lunches to work trying to save up for the next time, and worrying about you, whom she has described as a mad playboy just ashore a few days while his yacht is being scraped down for another coat of paint. The mistake in dealing with rivals is trying to compete with them with your weak points. If all a suit of clothes means to you is a book of payment coupons and protection from the wind, don't try competing with somebody who really knows how to dress.

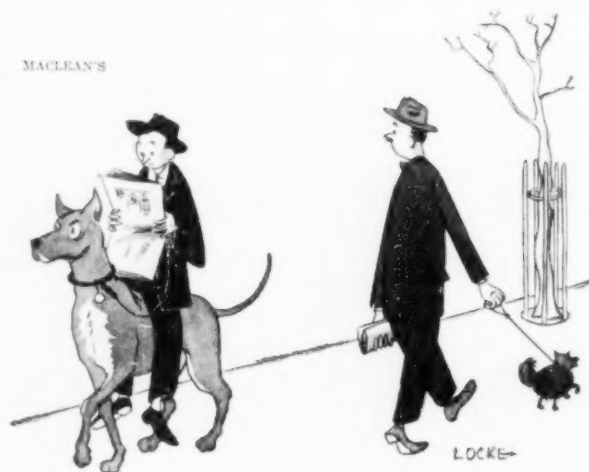
Lots of girls marry men who have to be browbeaten into getting a haircut, and who wear a hat until it looks like an inverted dog bed. If you dance as if you were shouldering your way through a series of stuck doors, don't start off by inviting her to a ball. Take her some place where you have to sit down, such as the theatre. If you look like an ad for Pabulum in a bathing suit, keep away from docks where guys with muscles are doing standing-sitting half gainers all over the place. Get her inland somewhere; fishing, for instance. If you can't fish . . . Look, son, you've got to be able to do something.

And on the nights when you find yourself alone under a moon or in a deserted living room before the fireplace, take it easy. The thing is to strike just the right balance. If you get too enthusiastic you're liable to scare her off. On the other hand, if you sit there with her practically falling apart with allure, and plod on talking about how you won first prize in an owl-stuffing contest, she's liable to think you're a guy without any spirit of enterprise.

The last thing, of course, and the most important, is not how to get a girl but what girl to get. Don't forget, some of the most glamorous women, once they get a man, toss away their Tabu, their eyelashes and their lovelier, lovelier self with a dull plop and start hollering: "JUST EXACTLY WHERE WERE YOU WHEN I CALLED THE OFFICE?" Whereas Doris Gulch, who used to live behind a welding shop and whose mother's idea of culture was to mix her popcorn with her gum so that it wouldn't crack, often turns out to be the kind of woman all men like to be married to.

There's not much you can do about this: you won't know what you want in a wife till after you've got one. ★

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GARDEN MAGIC

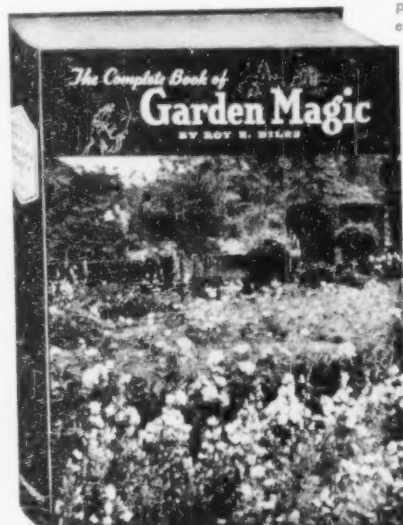
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Look What They've Done To Salads

Continued from page 17

it, the dressing salad, which had always been popular, became a kind of craze. Even soldiers in the field went foraging for greens and mixed salad in their helmets, using their daggers to stir it and sour wine instead of vinegar if they couldn't get the real thing. Vinegar, indeed, was thought to do so much for salad that until about 1750 nobody bothered to think up further improvements. Then, finally, it occurred to the French that, with a touch here and a touch there, this profoundly satisfying but somewhat limited dish could be transformed into a work of art.

They couldn't have been more right. As early as 1810 they had worked out the two great secrets of really good plain salad and an anonymous Parisian expert had published them in a curious little book called the *Almanach des Gourmands*. Since what he had to say is just as true in the Canada of 1951 as it was in post-revolutionary France, I'm going to condense it for you.

When making plain salad always use the greens or vegetables that are either newly in season or the latest arrivals on the market. If you don't you'll lose that peak of crispness and freshness which is the supreme charm of a salad. Putting it another way, good salads start in the store, not in the kitchen; if you don't shop shrewdly nothing you can do when you get home will quite make up for this failure.

Even if you have a garden of your own, which is a better starting point for salad than the best store, it is still possible to spoil the fine edge of freshness with incorrect dressing. By that I don't necessarily mean the wonder-

ful mixture of two-thirds of oil, one third vinegar, salt, pepper and a dash of dry mustard we call "French dressing." It's French, all right; but in its native land it isn't always and invariably mixed in the same proportions, as most of us mix it over here.

One of the first things the French discovered when they settled down to a serious study of salad was that the ingredients have different tolerances for oil and vinegar. Head lettuce likes plenty of oil, so for it the standard Canadian version of French dressing is fine. But romaine lettuce tastes better when the proportions of oil and vinegar are reversed. Cress, which makes a dandy salad green, calls for three quarters vinegar to one quarter oil. A dish of fresh celery hearts, on the other hand, needs to be dressed with seven eighths oil and only one eighth vinegar.

Salads Get Stage-Struck

It sounds kind of hair-splitting and technical, but it didn't strike the French that way in Napoleon's time. They figured, correctly, that the result was well worth a bit of trouble, particularly since they also managed to combine salad dressing and sex.

It was the custom for the host at dinner to ask the prettiest woman at table to mix the salad, which she always did with her fingers, lifting little handfuls and letting them drop slowly and delicately back into the bowl under the warm yellow candlelight. And when a wolf of the period wanted to call the attention of a brother wolf to some outstandingly luscious babe, he didn't whistle. He said "Oh, oh! That one can mix my salad any time she wants to . . ."

Sex got into salad again when the great actresses and opera singers of the

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MEN WHO THINK OF TOMORROW

PRACTICE MODERATION TODAY

19th century came along—Sarah Bernhardt, Fanny Kemble, Jenny Lind, and other beautiful and tempestuous creatures. All had special salads named after them, for by 1850 the French chefs had gone to cook in luxury hotels and restaurants all over the world and even after years in Madrid or London or San Francisco they were still fast men with a graceful compliment. One dedicated a salad to actress May Irwin, who was born in Whitby, Ont., and became a star at Tony Pastor's theatre in New York in the 1870s.

Although that chef's name hasn't survived, his recipe has. It consists of six medium tomatoes cut in quarters; two or three cucumbers peeled and thickly sliced; one Bermuda onion, three green peppers and two large sour apples, all of them chopped up, but not too finely. The dressing was two thirds oil, one third red wine vinegar; one teaspoon each of Worcester sauce, brown sugar, and salt; and a half teaspoon each of dry mustard and red pepper. When the dressing had been mixed in a dish rubbed just beforehand with a cut clove of garlic it was poured over the salad, which was then chilled. And when it was sent to the table Roquefort cheese and guava jelly went along to be eaten with it.

You will note that this May Irwin salad isn't at all spectacular—unlike the monstrosity served at a Hollywood dinner party in 1945. This latter starred a fruit salad smothered in whipped cream, through which a network of wires led from a hidden battery to the dozens of little colored light bulbs that decorated it.

It has been said there is no such thing as a little garlic—sheer misleading nonsense! When the great Francatelli was chef at London's Reform Club during the Purple Nineties his salads were famous for the subtle charm of their seasoning. A member once asked him how he managed such marvels and club legend has it that he answered:

"Ah! That should be my secret, but I will tell you. After I have made my preparations, and the green food is mixed with the dressing, I chew a little clove of garlic between my teeth—so. And then I breathe gently over the whole . . ."

There is no need to go that far to cushion the shock of garlic. It can be done à la May Irwin. It can be done by rubbing the salad bowl with a cut clove. And as an ultimate delicacy it can be done by rubbing a small crust of bread with the garlic and then rubbing the bowl with the crust; if you want to step the taste up a notch leave the crust in the bowl after the rubbing.

The matter of garlic leads inevitably to the matter of herbs, the other great salad seasoning. One of the late Helen Hokinson's cartoons shows two tightly corseted women at lunch on a terrace with the hostess warning her friend, "If the food tastes funny it's just herbs." That, unfortunately, sums up a widespread attitude.

Even a plain green salad gains from having a touch of thyme, say, or marjoram or basil, mixed in when the salad is being tossed. The lush bowl of lettuce, tomato, endive, shredded cabbage, cress, sliced cucumber and whatnot which we know as combination salad—or in restaurants, chef's salad—can take as much as a heaping teaspoon of herbs and be all the better for it. Don't let anyone tell you never to use more than a pinch of these aromatic delights. It may turn out that you'll like your salad fairly doused with them, something you'll never know until you've experimented with increasing amounts. And don't be afraid to use several sorts of herbs at once. *Orégano*, thyme and basil go extra well together, for instance.

Another thing, try to get off the beaten path of green salad made only with lettuce, or endive, or *escarole*, or any one leafy plant. Try mixing two or three different kinds. And don't forget what a variety of greens can be used in salad—dandelion leaves, for example.

The next time you uproot dandelions from the front lawn save about a pound of the leaves, wash them well in cold water, and cut them into two-inch lengths. Then drain and dry the pieces, put them into a garlic-rubbed bowl, throw in a handful of stoned ripe olives, and make a dressing of four tablespoons olive oil, two tablespoons vinegar, and a little salt and pepper. You will then have the salad Italians call *Cicoria Fina*—a dish you'll either love, as they do, or loathe intensely; there are only two ways people react to its sharp bitter taste.

Whether you like it or not don't be a salad snob and insist that your favorite salad and your way of making it alone are correct. Long ago in a Paris restaurant I dined with a bearded old gentleman who was a perfect example of the salad snob.

"Observe, my boy," he said, "that this imbecile waiter is mixing the salad dressing for us. What an animal! One must always mix one's own, little by little, in the bowl of a large spoon. The spoon must be either of ivory, which is best, or of sterling silver, which is the one permissible substitute. Waiter! Bring me an ivory spoon, put the crust here on the table beside me and have the goodness to go away."

An ivory spoon yet! I hate to think what he would have said if the salad bowl hadn't been plain unvarnished wood, something he took for granted. But even in Canada there are spiritual descendants of that dogmatic old fusspot who claim that salad made in anything else doesn't deserve to be called salad at all. This is just plain silly.

The Spanish Use Potatoes

Another piece of salad snobbery is the belief that no ready-made commercial dressing should ever be used by a self-respecting salad fancier. The fact is that if you like the taste of prepared mayonnaise (I personally love it) you'll be better off if you use it than if you don't, because you'll save time, trouble and maybe even money. The main point of eating salad, apart from the fact that it's good for you, is to give yourself pleasure. And since the notion of pleasure is as personal and individual as a toothbrush, nobody can or should decide for you what will produce it.

If I seem to be contradicting myself, in the light of certain harsh strictures on the fancy salads so many women prepare, the contradiction is more apparent than real. What I've been trying to do is urge you to follow the basic principles of simplicity and freshness of materials, care in preparation, and emphasis on taste instead of on looks. That's why I've given so few recipes.

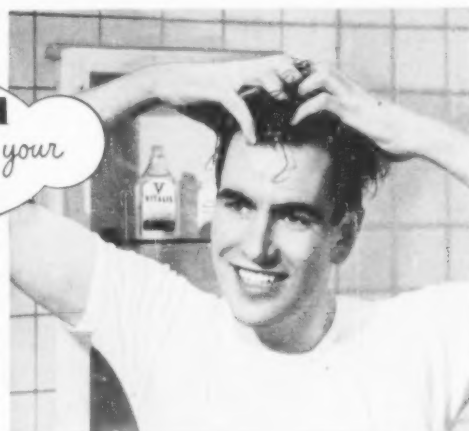
You may like one of my favorites—a salad of alternate slices of orange and onion, each slice separated by a nasturtium leaf and the whole dressed simply with oil, vinegar, salt and pepper. You may like *ensalada Asturiana*, a Spanish concoction of sliced boiled potatoes mixed with tiny white onions and coarsely chopped pimiento, seasoned with plenty of paprika and a dash of red pepper and served, garnished with chopped hard-boiled egg, while the potatoes are still hot.

But your best bet is to experiment for yourself, guided only by your taste and the basic principles. ★

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How Jessica Won Winnipeg

Continued from page 9

from the sober dignity and scrupulous fairness with which he presided in council. He has kept clear of party politics and always run as an independent. The only form of attack he ever launches against an opponent is never to mention him in election speeches. Jessica has given some glitter to his sombre personality and brought him a heavy female vote.

When Alderman Jack Blumberg ran against him at the last election Mayor Coulter faced the highly organized campaign of the CCF party. "But," says Percy Rowe, City Hall reporter for the Tribune, "Jessica is a party in herself and was more than a match for the opposition. Mayor Coulter has been in office continuously since 1943 and Jessica is going to keep him there."

The Coulter calendar is always in a rash of engagement notes. Once they went fourteen days and never ate a meal at home except breakfast.

Their eight-room house on affluent Wellington Crescent stands out from the others because it needs a coat of paint. Inside it is spotlessly clean but the furniture is a homely jumble of odd pieces, and some old-fashioned oleographs hang on the walls. It is the opposite of the swanky place the casual observer might expect Jessica to run. And this is one of the reasons housewives like her.

Although Mayor Coulter is a retired lawyer he is not wealthy. His mayoral salary is ten thousand dollars a year and his expenses twenty-three hundred. Much of the salary is spent on civic duty.

Jessica does her own housework each morning before getting dressed to go out. Occasionally she rises at 6 a.m. to get beds made and dishes washed in time for an engagement. Sometimes her hands are as red as a charwoman's. Neither of the Coulters is an epicure in spite of the banqueting years. Jessica says she is a "rough and ready" cook and her husband grumpily agrees.

They have two Siamese cats, Koko and Mai Ling; recently the pair had a litter. Major, a big black Labrador, completes the family. Until recently Roberta Derby, Jessica's daughter by a previous unhappy marriage, lived with them. But Roberta, now twenty, stopped off in Toronto on a visit to Montreal not long ago, was offered a job as a bookkeeper at radio station CKEY and has been there since. Mother and daughter have often been mistaken for sisters.

Jessica does her home chores scientifically. She goes to the grocer's once a week and buys for seven days. One day when she was pushing her heavily loaded buggy two housewives noticed her. "I would have thought the Mayor's wife would let the maid do the shopping. How does she find time?" Jessica, who never had a maid, says: "I step on the gas—that's all."

Her wardrobe is simple and small. She goes heavily for black ensembles. She never minds being seen or photographed twice in the same dress. "Once," she said, "I was at my wit's end for something to wear to a ball. So I chose a fifteen-year-old formal my sister had given me."

Recently at an Ontario Government reception Jessica wore a flowered hat which provoked many compliments. She took the head-band from a boy's ear-muffs and covered it in fancy black velvet. Then she added a spray of artificial camellias. That's all there was to it. "The big consolation about being a mayor's wife," she says, "is that you

do get wear out of your clothes before they go out of style."

On their odd evenings at home Mayor Coulter takes off his coat and tie. He's an easy-going man who enjoys duck hunting, a game of poker with the boys and a little light reading. "Sometimes," says Jessica, "we just sit reading whodunits. Other times we play with the cats. We're patrons of the Winnipeg Ballet, Symphony and the Little Theatre, but we don't really know much about the arts."

Several times each evening the telephone rings for her. Occasionally it's some housewife complaining that her garbage hasn't been removed.

Nearly everybody who calls her to open a tea or a bazaar or make a speech begins: "I know you're really much too busy. But this is a rather special occasion."

Special occasions have taken Jessica in the past few months to address the Ratepayers' Association, Women's Institute, Ukrainian Catholic Women's Association, Launderers' Association, Chamber of Commerce Civic Bureau, Winnipeg Women's Club, Provincial Council of Women, Kiwanis, Lions, Rotary, Optimists and a dozen of other groups.

"Don't play hookey from your municipal responsibilities," she urges. "Learn about the water system, your

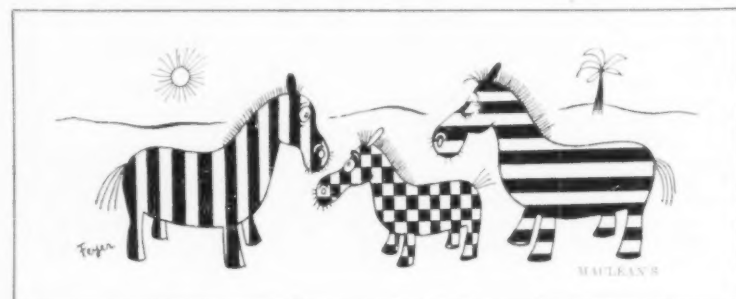
told. "That makes it worse," she said. "Everybody will hear my knees knocking." They didn't.

Actually she's got more fortitude than most male orators. Once, opening the Winnipeg Canoe Club regatta, she was caught in a rainstorm when she started to speak. She refused to step back under cover because this would have taken her from view. One man gave her his raincoat. Another gave her an enormous pair of men's rubbers. She looked ridiculous but stuck it out. Then the microphone went dead. Jessica carried on at the top of her voice. When she was through—"soaked to the skin and croaky as a bullfrog"—she was cheered from the platform.

Scots in Ginger Ale

During the Winnipeg flood she waded miles around half-submerged homes and became honorary secretary of the Manitoba Relief Fund. More than nine million dollars was raised. Much of it remains for distribution. "It became big business," she says. "It flooded us when we had so much to manage. But it's being well run."

For years there had been an Association of Rural Municipalities in Manitoba. Jessica decided the farmers were dominating the province. In 1949 she organized an Association of Urban



parks, street cleaning. The great majority of politicians are sincerely trying to do a good job, but they need help, understanding, and constructive criticism."

Another time she said in ringing tones: "Rights, like plants, dwindle and decay without care. Your interest is needed. No family is safe in a corrupt community. No community or nation is safe except at the price of continual vigilance. Town councils are the training grounds of Communists. Therefore vote at all municipal elections, because intelligent use of the ballot at this level is the basic guarantee of freedom."

She almost stomps around in her determination to invest the Mayor's office with more importance. "In England and the States," she keeps repeating, "people announce his entrance with the fine old words 'His Worship The Mayor.' In Canada everybody says 'My God! Here comes the Mayor!'"

She speaks good French and once at a Banquet in the U. S. she was unexpectedly asked to translate a speech by Lucien Borne, then Mayor of Quebec City. She hadn't even been listening to it. So she said: "No words of English could adequately express the beautiful poetic French prose in which Monsieur Borne has just thanked our hosts for their hospitality."

Jessica claims to be nervous until she gets going. The biggest shock she had was being asked to speak from the pulpit in Holy Trinity Anglican Church, Winnipeg, on the National Day of Prayer. "But I've never spoken from a pulpit before," she protested. "You'll find the acoustics excellent," she was

Municipalities which is now going strong.

She was born in Montreal of Scots Presbyterian parents who owned a small ginger-ale business. She finished a routine schooling at the Convent of the Sisters of the Holy Name because "I knew if I wanted to eat in Quebec I'd have to talk French."

At eighteen she was working for a law firm typing abstracts of land titles. Her boss, though she came to like him later, often irritated her. One day she burst out: "Why do you say such things when you know they annoy me." He replied: "When you are mad you work like hell!"

She went to relatives in Massachusetts and prolonged her stay for two years by working for an American optical company. At twenty she was employment manager and well aware of the jealousy of the rest of the staff. Returning to Canada she worked once more for lawyers, married, was divorced after a brief union, and took only a month off work to give birth to Roberta.

In the early Thirties she took a succession of temporary jobs. In 1935 local authorities were carrying a crippling load of unemployment relief. Mayor Camillien Houde of Montreal decided to call a Canada-wide conference of mayors to press the federal government to share the load. Houde's secretary, Ted Bullock, a former newspaperman, employed Jessica to help with clerical work. About seventy mayors turned up.

A second conference of mayors was called in 1936 and its agenda widened. In 1937 the annual convention became an institution. "And by then," says

Jessica, "I was part of the furniture. They couldn't get rid of me." The conference turned itself in to the Canadian Federation of Mayors and Municipalities.

Membership fees were slow in coming. "Often," says Jessica, "I went without part of my salary. But it seemed to me that there would be a good job in this outfit one day and I wouldn't quit." Ted Bullock was the first executive director of the CMF, then he was succeeded by George Mooney. When Mooney went to UNRRA after the war Jessica became the boss. On her marriage in 1948 Mooney took over again.

During Jessica's thirteen years with the CMF there was never more than three of a staff. In addition to their official duties, Jessica and her colleagues got baseball and theatre tickets for visiting mayors, reserved rooms, arranged introductions and sometimes dined with the delegates.

At the Vancouver convention in 1946 the delegates chartered a vessel to Victoria. Jack Lloyd, then Mayor of Halifax, failed to show up for the trip. Halfway across the straits delegates on the rail saw Lloyd in a small motor boat. As he came aboard he unfurled a huge banner. It was inscribed: "Hello Jessica!"

When Jessica first became interested in Garnet Coulter is a family secret. But friends say jokingly it started the day in 1947 she read a news story about the Winnipeg mayor. He was posing for his annual picture as "the most eligible bachelor of the year." He told reporters he had received from Mrs. Clement Atlee a card inviting the Winnipeg mayor's wife to attend a tea at 10 Downing Street in London on behalf of the British Empire Nurses War Memorial Fund. When reporters asked him what he was going to do about it Mayor Coulter smiled and said: "No comment."

For years Coulter had lived quietly with a Winnipeg family. Early in 1948 he bought No. 157 Wellington Crescent and there was considerable speculation about his intentions. Rumors reached Winnipeg that he was squiring a pretty woman whenever he went to Montreal. A surprise wedding at the United Church, Saint Thérèse, Que., a few months later disclosed the woman as Jessica.

The municipal wives at the official reception gasped when the mayor's wife, aged forty-two but looking thirty-two, stepped from the train. She was wearing a powder-blue gabardine suit, a jaunty straw hat with taffeta bow, a corsage of orchids and, when the photographer's bulbs began to flash, a brilliant movie-star smile.

Receiving a bouquet of crimson roses, she dropped her handbag, spilled its dainty contents on the platform and cooed apologetically as portly civic dignitaries scrambled to retrieve them for her.

"You see," said Alderman C. F. Simonite, who had been deputy mayor of Winnipeg during the honeymoon, "already you have them on their knees before you." The Winnipeg Tribune announced: "The city immediately fell in love with its sparkling first lady and looked with new admiration on its chief magistrate who only eight days ago deserted the ranks of bachelorhood."

Jessica doesn't talk much about her future. But people close to Winnipeg City Hall suspect that Mayor Coulter married a possible successor to his gold chain of office.

"There are far too few women in Canadian municipal life," says Jessica. "Local politics are nearest to the people, yet here the woman's views are given the least expression. Somebody's got to take a lead." ★

Getting a Man

Continued from page 19

me and warmed to the project.

"It must be exciting to be a writer," she said, batting her long, silky legs at me.

"Well, it has its ups and downs," I said, with what I hoped would be mistaken for false modesty.

"You must know all sorts of editors and publishers."

"Ohhhhh." I shrugged my shoulders to indicate that there might be one, somewhere, who hadn't had the pleasure.

"I'm so glad," she said. "You see, I want to be a writer too. In fact I brought along something I wrote and I wondered if you'd mind reading it and perhaps tell me what I should do with it. Of course it's just a rough draft."

Before I could untwine her leg from mine the rough draft had landed in my lap like an anchor. Right there I was able to stop worrying about plans for the evening.

That's my only major complaint about the mentors for Miss Mateless. They tend to confuse their male readers. For example, I never thought anything of a woman making up her face in my presence until I read somewhere that it was supposed to embar-

ass me. Now it embarrasses me. I can't explain why. Goodness knows I have never believed that milady's lips were carmined by squads of fairies at the full of the moon. I know what she's doing in that powder room—for the first ten minutes anyway.

No, all these subtleties and advanced tactics are wasted on a bachelor like me. I'm all for the simple old tribal customs, as when a girl wears her hair up if she has a man, down if she wants a man, and a flower in it if she wants the man she's with. That's the sort of thing I can memorize easily. None of this business of indicating desire by a slight flaring of the nostrils, which my eyes usually fail to pick up. I can't stare at a woman's nostrils all night, watching for flares. I'm a busy man—sometimes.

But, as I said, I'm not really qualified to discuss the full effect on men of these articles for ladies on the prowl. You'll have to check with a ladies' man, though personally I doubt that he'll be able to put it in writing. I have always found that ladies' men make rotten writers. A friend of mine who sells hardware says they also make rotten sellers of hardware, and I believe him. If that's the sort of unemployable women want to catch I certainly can't help them. They'll just have to go their own way.

There is also nothing like a good, loyal dog. ★

Keeping Him or Her

Continued from page 19

is by the husband insisting that the wife seek gainful employment. Any woman can successfully combine marriage with a job, unless she's hopelessly lazy. Men have been doing this for centuries, uncomplaining dumb beasts that they are.

Mind you, men, there are two possible sources of trouble here. The first is that your wife might not make as much money as somebody else's wife. This will naturally make you indignant and your wife feel inferior. Beating her won't do much good—why not send the girl to night school? Probably she only needs more training to qualify her for a better job.

The other caution is this: Don't hurry home. Let your wife arrive ten minutes before you do. This will allow her time to cook dinner for you. (I'm

assuming you're one of those die-hards who insist on home-cooking, no matter what it costs in ruined health.) If you get home at the same time as lambie-pie and expect dinner to be ready, she will probably become hysterical. This should be avoided—if convenient.

And, by the way, don't criticize her cooking too much. After all, you didn't marry to get a free cook, I hope. If she can't cook, be tactful.

A while back, a news magazine reported that a Percy Love, of Gary, Indiana, shot his wife dead. "She didn't brown my biscuits enough," Mr. Love explained.

You can be more tactful than Mr. Love, if you try.

Uncle Seldom never failed to compliment Aunt Mabel whenever he thought she warranted this extra effort. Then he would get out his license plates and they would settle down to another evening of happy bickering. They don't make 'em like that any more, I guess. ★



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Don't Swat That Mosquito

Continued from page 12

streamlined house fly, about one-third size. Its eggs are laid in fast-running water in June. They winter at the bottom of the stream and hatch out in the late spring into larvae, which are fine food for trout and other fish. The adults appear in early June to start the cycle over again. Black flies bite and usually draw blood. They are believed to carry infections from one human to another. Certainly their bites often become infected, sometimes enough to disable the victim for several days. They definitely carry infection among birds; bird malaria is spread by black flies. The insects fly in an erratic frenzy, often into your eyes, ears and nostrils, and into your mouth if you're foolish enough to open it. An attack by a swarm of black flies on your parka sounds like hail on a tent. The black fly does not sit where it alights. It crawls. If you have loose cuffs, openings or holes in your clothing, it finds them and finds the flesh underneath. But the black fly has three relatively endearing qualities not possessed by the mosquito: It doesn't sing; it sleeps nights; its season is short, rarely more than six weeks.

There are more than twenty species of mosquito in the far north. Most of them lay their eggs on the ground in June where they remain during the winter to be picked up in the spring freshets and carried to the clear still puddles and muskies to hatch. In a dry spring, naturally, the mortality among the eggs is extremely high. The adults begin to emerge late in spring and from then until first frost one species or several is always on the wing. There is one type of mosquito which is, unfortunately, rather rare; not only does this mosquito leave humans alone, it actually kills and eats other mosquitoes.

"Mad For Our Blood"

The mosquito is a more subtle enemy than the black fly. Perhaps this is because the mosquito, as far as humans are concerned, is a she. Only female mosquitoes sting. From this entomological fact it would be natural for the northern traveler to surmise that male mosquitoes are rare. He would be wrong. The division of the sexes is about fifty-fifty. It only seems as if they are all females. That, and the fact that the male has a short life; it lives barely long enough to ensure a mosquito crop for the following year.

The mosquito attacks determinedly, alights, aims, braces and stings. Ernest Thompson Seton, the naturalist, described a persistent assault at Great Slave Lake: "They were mad for our blood; those we knocked off and maimed would crawl up with sprained wings and twisted legs to sting as fiercely as ever, as long as the beak would work." The mosquito has a longer season than the black fly—up to four months in some parts of the far north—and it is on the job twenty-four hours a day.

I could find no authenticated cases of death from mosquito or black-fly bite but entomologists have little doubt that it has happened. Canadian-born Dr. C. H. Curran, curator of the American Museum of Natural History, New York, says he has heard of cases but was unable to get proof. The victim in these cases would be either an injured man or someone who was highly sensitive to fly bite.

I spent four months in bad fly country in Saskatchewan, along the Northwest Territories border. On bad days clean butter from the can would

be speckled with black corpses by the time it reached your bread; you lit smudge fires around camp while you raced through your meals; there was no sitting around a campfire—you crawled under your netting and cursed the black cloud that descended on it and the hum that filled the tent; if you opened your mouth unwarily you had to spit out a dozen insects.

Over its shorter season the black fly is the worse nuisance and the more dangerous, because of the infection that may follow its bite. But the mosquito's longer season, continual presence and monotonous song give it the edge as the worse pest.

The scientists have had some success in their war against biting flies. A Canadian Army spokesman says: "Improved clothing and repellants, now being tested, prevent most of the flies from pressing home their attack. They then become merely a nuisance."

The scientists started with fundamentals. How can we measure results? How do biting flies affect men's morale and efficiency? What attracts them to humans?

To measure results the scientists had, in effect, to count flies. They used something close to what Seton called his "mosquito gauge" in 1907. Seton held up one bare hand for five seconds and counted the mosquitoes that landed. At Great Slave Lake the reading was fifty to sixty. In the Barren Grounds it was one hundred to one hundred and twenty-five. "It was possible to number them only by killing them and counting the corpses." By counting the number on a small area Seton also estimated that about twenty-four thousand mosquitoes were once on his tent.

Mosquito-count methods used by the Department of Agriculture and the Defense Research Board are more scientific and just as uncomfortable for the enumerator. A man stands still in the shade or lee of a tree for a minute. In the second minute he counts the mosquitoes that land on the front of his pants to the side seams, knee to waist. During the third minute he bares one forearm and counts the bites at the end of the minute. Landing rates of two hundred and biting rates of a hundred a minute have been recorded.

Studies on the psychological effects of fly attacks are not completed. Dr. D. C. Williams, of the University of Toronto, reports that mild attacks actually decreased the amount of time lost on the job. He suggests the men were enough annoyed to take it out on their work. But landing rates in the area where he worked were only up to sixteen in five minutes, or about one seventieth the rates recorded in wild bush country. And the men were allowed to use repellants and other protective measures. Under very bad

NEXT ISSUE

THE GREAT REINDEER TREK

A MACLEAN'S FLASHBACK
by Ian MacNeill

The story of how one man ruined his life driving thousands of reindeer across the storm-swept roof of the world.

IN MACLEAN'S AUG. 15; ON SALE AUG. 10



MACLEAN'S

"Tain the point down—it spreads faster."

conditions, Dr. Williams says, "It is probable that the time lost would begin, after a point, to increase to the stage where no work at all was done."

Using such devices as mice imprisoned in transport boxes in the laboratory, and dummy men in the far north, Dr. A. W. A. Brown, professor of zoology at the University of Western Ontario, is trying to find out for the Defense Research Board what attracts mosquitoes to humans. To date he and his co-workers have discovered that mosquitoes like dark-colored clothing, motion, the smell of sweat and carbon dioxide (which you exhale when you breathe), body warmth and body moisture, the last provided the air temperature is above sixty degrees. Since men working or fighting in the north must breathe, sweat, get overheated and moist, they are very attractive to mosquitoes.

Black flies have the same color tastes as mosquitoes. Dr. F. A. Urquhart, of the Royal Ontario Museum of Zoology, tells of a man on an entomological party who did not believe this. He was determined to wear dark-green clothing the first day out. The rest of the party wore white. Half an hour after they left their Algonquin Park camp the green-clad man had to turn back. He was sick for three days from the biting the black flies gave him. The others in the party were able to work in relative comfort, Urquhart reported.

The Mileage of a Hot Mosquito

One problem yet unsettled by the scientists is whether flies are more partial to some people than to others, and whether an immunity to flies can be developed. Experts say that fair-complexioned Europeans, especially recently arrived Englishmen, take the worst beating in bad fly country.

Yet I have seen an old man, who had spent most of his life in the bush, driven frantic by black flies. He frenziedly scraped together some small sticks, lit a fire with shaky hands, heaped wet moss on it, tore his clothes off, straddled the fire, bathing himself in the smoke. His long underwear was thickly polka-dotted with blood. Nor do northern animals get used to the flies. Caribou herds are often stampeded by their attacks. Dogs go temporarily blind and develop running sores on their foot pads from bites.

Gradual development of immunity to flies, if it is possible, doesn't solve the problem for troops or settlers fresh to the country. The flies can be beaten in two ways—either by eliminating them or by keeping them off humans.

Spectacular results have been achieved in black-fly control. The summer following the death of the six hundred cattle in northern Saskatchewan, scientists from the Defense Research Board and the Department of Agriculture made field tests in the area. By air-spraying the South Saskatchewan River in one spot with a solution of DDT in oil to give a concentration in the water of 0.13 parts per million, the river was almost

entirely cleared of black-fly larvae for a distance of ninety miles downstream. Fish were unharmed. Dr. Brown, who was in the test party, believes this method can be used to clear any bad area of black flies. It's cheap, highly effective, and a whole river system can be covered by spraying one spot upstream.

Similar tactics can't be used on mosquitoes for they breed in stagnant water. But limited areas around troop bases and mining and logging camps have been given the DDT treatment from the air with encouraging results. RCAF and DRB tests on mosquito larvae in 1949 at six northern air bases resulted in an average mortality of ninety-one percent. But adult mosquitoes moving in from unsprayed areas later reduced the effectiveness to fifty percent. To offset this the scientists tried what they call "adulticide," the spraying of adult mosquitoes from the air. Again this was highly effective until new migrants moved in. That set the scientists off on a new search. What is the range of the mosquito? How big an area around a camp needs to be sprayed to immunize it for a season?

A U. S. Army researcher provided the answer by letting loose three million radioactive mosquitoes of one species at Fort Churchill last summer. The hot mosquitoes, raised in pools which had been radioactively treated, were caught at testing stations, identified by Geiger counters and logged for mileage. The range for the species turned out to be fairly short. Ranges of other species are now being measured.

The prospect for eliminating biting flies in base areas is good. But when men move into the bush, spraying, except immediately around their camps, is impractical. Keeping the flies off humans, while still allowing the humans

to work or fight, is the big problem.

The latest repellants, far more effective than old-time citronella, form a vapor barrier to flies that lasts up to six hours. For a walk through the bush, or a few casts from the dock, they are fine. But if you work you sweat—and there goes the repellant, most of it into your eyes and mouth.

Under Dr. A. A. Kingscote, at the Ontario Veterinary College, Guelph, DRB is looking for a substance which "taken, perhaps once daily, in the form of a pill or capsule, will give protection against insects through medicated perspiration, skin or breath emanations." But this will take a lot of research and early results are not expected.

Meantime DRB is concentrating on "flyproof" clothing. There's nothing new in this. Bushwise men in the far north have always worn closely woven, thick clothing, tight at the neck, waist, ankles and wrists. Gloves and hats are often necessary. In the hot northern summer clothing like this makes a fine oven and hastens the sweating off of any repellant. Most men find headnets an intolerable nuisance though some wear them on really bad days.

On the basis of Army knowledge to date how can you make yourself unattractive to mosquitoes and black flies? Wear light, tightly woven clothing of nylon or satin, in white or, better still, luminescent shades, though this poses camouflage problems for troops. Keep cool and dry. Don't sweat at the flies; the motion only attracts more. Soak a large bandanna in repellant and cover your forehead, head, ears and lower neck. Dr. Brown advises against head nets so rub repellant on your lower face.

And keep calm. Even if you are in a hundred-bite rating area you'll never get malaria from northern mosquitoes. That's one good point about them. ★

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How to make really delicious Tuna Salad

Men like *satisfying* salads, and here's a hearty one . . . tuna fish at its best; much too good to keep for Fridays alone! The mayonnaise, too, is a treat. Made by Kraft, it's true mayonnaise at its finest. Kraft Mayonnaise is made of fine salad oil and eggs, fragrant vinegar and seasoning. The choice ingredients are blended in just the right proportions for luxurious richness and exquisite flavor. Do try Kraft *Kitchen-Fresh* Mayonnaise.

Suggested Supper Menu

Hot Vegetable Bouillon
Tuna Salad
Crusty Finger Rolls
Strawberry Shortcake
Tea Coffee



1. To serve 4, you will need one 7-oz. can of chunk style tuna. Put tuna in a colander or coarse strainer, and pour hot water over it. Drain well and chill. Then put it in a bowl with 2 tablespoons chopped sweet pickle and $\frac{3}{4}$ cup of chopped celery.



2. Gradually add 1 tablespoon lemon juice to $\frac{3}{4}$ cup of Kraft Mayonnaise. Luxuriously rich and delightfully seasoned, Kraft Mayonnaise will make your salad really delicious. Toss lightly with tuna mixture; season with salt and pepper.



3. For each portion, cut a peeled tomato into 3 crosswise slices. Starting with a slice placed on leaf lettuce, alternate the 3 slices with the tuna salad, with a tomato slice on top. Garnish with watercress and delicately flavored, satinsmooth Kraft Mayonnaise.

MAILBAG



Baxter's Friends and Foes

Beverley Baxter's London Letter is an outstanding feature of Maclean's. He is a Canadian and . . . I believe a large majority of Canadians find it very easy to agree with his reasoning.

There are a few, however, who seem to be suffering from some sort of psychosis who persist in writing nasty vituperative letters with no basis for this attitude. They apparently are jealous of Mr. Baxter because of his successful career. Maybe they are to be pitied rather than blamed—Dean Robinson, The Banff Clinic, Banff, Alta.

● I agree with R. Hardie (Mailbag, June 15) that this guy Baxter is tarnished and smeared with the feudal system. He should have lived in that era, or maybe the serfs at that time would not tolerate him.

Your magazine is "tops" and, as an Anglo-Scot, I take Baxter in my stride: I always turn to his article first, have a good laugh then look for the more serious reading about Canada.—Donald Kinloch, Mt. Dennis, Ont.

● Have taken Maclean's for numberless years and enjoy it, especially the London Letter. Please don't ever leave that out.—F. I. Jardine, Borden, P.E.I.

● The biggest headache your magazine presents is London Letter by Beverley Baxter . . . The sooner Maclean's gets rid of Baxter and his ultra-Tory conservatism, the better for its circulation department.—Desmond Bolt, Toronto.

● I enjoy Mr. Baxter's London Letter more than any other writer. May he long keep up the good work.—Mrs. Isabelle Bakken, Strasbourg, Sask.

● You are too premature, Mr. Baxter, when you say "Socialism has foundered on the rocks of human nature." It was precisely because the old ship kept foundering that the new boats were launched. The old ship has been good to Baxter but he has been found wanting as a prophet.—A. E. Sherratt, Mayerthorpe, Alta.

● Me, I take the view of old Bob Blatchford: "Reason is lost on any sort of a conservative."—J. F. Kirkham, Toronto.

Advertising Protestantism

Many of your readers have been greatly interested in the series of advertisements which have been published in your magazine by the Knights of Columbus. Many of them have been wondering, no doubt, why something similar has not been attempted by some Protestant church or group of churches. I think they should know that a non-sectarian group of Protestants has submitted the following advertisement to many Quebec periodicals and newspapers: "A New Testament will be sent free of charge to anyone who will address his request for the same to . . ." This advertisement has been refused by every one of the French-language publications to which it was addressed.—Arthur C. Hill, Sherbrooke, Que.

For the First Time

Re: My Friend Guay, the Murderer (Maclean's, May 1), by Roger Lemelin—

1. The above article gave us details of this terrible tragedy for the first time. We rate the article itself highly, but Mr. Lemelin's insight of human nature which is so ably displayed throughout is equally as good as the article.

2. Many thanks to Maclean's for giving us articles on important events and facts otherwise unobtainable by most of us.

3. We would like another of Lemelin's articles before too long, please.—T. J. Peck, Kindersley, Sask.

● It is bad enough for the newspapers to spread on such a crime but why should our national magazine dish such stuff on to its readers?—E. J. Burke, Vancouver.

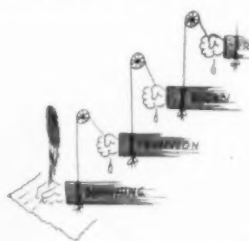
Osler at Edinburgh

Your article on Sir William Osler (The Scamp Who Became the Great Physician, June 1) interested me very much, as I was a student at Edinburgh University at the time of the rectorial election mentioned. The Conservative students had a very clever, and, as it happened, very prophetic slogan:

Winston—Wins not
Osler—Loser
Wyndham—Winned 'em
and Wyndham did just that.—Elizabeth J. Ruxton, Fawcett, Alta.

Browning's Evelyn

On page 48 of the May 15 issue James Thurber gives Tennyson as the writer of Evelyn Hope. I have heard of people who claimed that Bacon wrote Shakespeare, but this is the first



time that I was aware of the theory that Tennyson was the author of poems commonly attributed to Browning. I suggest that Maclean's get Mr. Thurber to contribute an article on this interesting literary theory.—Margery Scott, Port Colborne, Ont.

At least three Browning fans spotted Thurber's error.

A Smile for an Old Sailor

I wish to congratulate Maclean's on the article The Toughest Man Afloat, May 15 issue. It was really splendid—hope he can keep young forever. I had quite a bit of sea myself but the old heart put a stop to that. I had to smile when I read about Grant's Road and Ship Street. Better not say any more. I have seen them.—A. Foss, Sunnybrook Hospital, Toronto.

Still Fighting on Vimy

W. W. Fairbairn of Victoria, in his letter in Mailbag June 15, states as follows: "Taking as an instance the Vimy Ridge Legend accepted in Canada: Who actually knows today that it was a combined operation in which a Canadian division on the left and an imperial division (51st Highlanders) on the right captured their respective halves of the ridge and the same number of prisoners?"

Where did Mr. Fairbairn ever get such a comical idea regarding the taking of Vimy Ridge? The following are the facts. Four Canadian divisions took part in the capture of the ridge, the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, and 4th in that order from left to right, or from south to north; an English brigade (13th Infantry Brigade, 5th Division) in the centre of their attack on a four-mile front. The 51st Highland Division (not the 51st Highlanders) were on the right of the Canadians but no member of the Highlanders took any part in the capture of Vimy. Their front extended from the southern fringe of Vimy and in a southerly direction toward Arras.—A. N. Risk, Kingston, Ont.

● True, the 51st Highland Division was on the right of the 1st Canadian Corps, which consisted of four divisions of infantry; on our immediate left was the Ulster Division from the Black North of Ireland—how could we fail to achieve victory?—R. L. Algie, Sgt., 102nd Batta., C.E.F., Moncton, N.B.

● British troops did fight with the Canadian Division. The 13th Brigade—not a division—went over on the left of the 1st Canadian Division. To be precise, the 2nd King's Own Scottish Borderers and the 1st Royal West Kents were the imperial units in the first day's engagement. The 51st Highland Division mentioned by Mr. Fairbairn was on the right of the 1st Canadians but their objective was definitely to the south of Vimy Ridge.

I trust . . . Mr. Fairbairn has the good grace to make his apologies to Canadians in general and veterans of Vimy in particular for his outrageous letter.—J. Templeton, Toronto.

Anthology Coming Up

We intend to compile and publish an anthology of modern Canadian writing (short stories and poems) to be published in London and distributed both in England and Canada. Manuscripts (previously published material will be considered, although new work is preferred) should be sent to our London office, and should reach us before September 1. —The Editors, Totem Press Ltd., 161 Whitfield Street, London, W. 1.

More About Barney

As a man who has spent upward of thirty years among horses, and as one who spent some of those years driving for the same firm that now owns Barney, I see no reason at all for H. Gordon Green's criticism of the article by McKenzie Porter (Good-by Barney, March 1). For my money, Barney is straight run of the mill.—A. J. Watts, Uxbridge, Ont.

Who Speaks For Us?

Having just read your June 15 editorial, Who Shall Speak for Canada? I must express my admiration of its dignity, moderation and sound common sense.—P. S. Robinson, St. Pierre de Charlesbourg, Que.

● As a loyal reader of both Time and Maclean's, I was not a little surprised at your editorial. Maybe the write-up in Time which you criticize was just

a little bit invidious, but surely nowhere near as vitriolic as your editorial.

You don't even dare to mention Time by name, and as for its "purporting to be a Canadian magazine," I have yet to meet one reader who is under that impression.—F. K. Bowers, Vancouver, B.C.

● It was about time that some comment was made on U. S. magazines which masquerade as Canadian, and which have the impertinence to presume to express Canadian opinion. Honest U. S. magazines are one thing, but these pretenders are another. If Canadians had a little more national self-respect such periodicals would have no market in this country.—L. F. Grant, Kingston, Ont.

The Covers

Maclean's is one of the best magazines published anywhere and I have especially looked forward to seeing



what your cheery colorful covers tell us about our Canadian scene. But the enclosed (the June 1 cover: Pierre Berton's photo of Canadians in Korea) gave me a shock and a feeling of depression and a fear that Maclean's has started on the down-grade . . . If you want to keep up your circulation please get back to your colorful covers and help us to keep our sense of humor.—Fred G. Robinson, Winnipeg.

● With reference to the cover picture of your April 15 issue (by A. J. Casson): Nostalgia may have hit the artist a blow but tension and bustle appear to have hit the heavenly orb—tension made it stretch the shadows of the church and trees toward one point of the compass, but bustle (or hustle) took it around to throw the shadow of the steeple in another direction. P. H. H. Gray, Macdonald College, Ste. Anne de Bellevue, Que.

Artist Casson, without hustle, explains that the steep plane of the church roof in his painting governs the shadow angle of the steeple.

Dr. Skelton's Views

Your article in the April 15 issue, Meet Mike Pearson, said: "During the year which followed Munich, most of his departmental superiors accepted the Chamberlain Government's view that there would be no war." Dr. O. D. Skelton, then the permanent head of the department, was mentioned in a context which might be taken to imply that, one week before war broke out, he saw no cause for uneasiness. As his secretary at that time, I should not like any of your readers to be left with such a mistaken impression . . . While for a time after Munich he felt there was a good chance peace might be maintained, his attitude was that the situation continued serious, that Hitler was unpredictable, and, after March, that preparations to meet an emergency were urgent. In June he said the only assurance he felt was "that there will be no European explosion until after Soviet Russia has decided on which side of the fence it is coming down."—Marjorie McKenzie, Ottawa.

WIT AND WISDOM

Born Yesterday—"A game somewhat resembling bridge was played more than a thousand years ago," according to a columnist. Many people are playing precisely the same game today.—*Kingston Whig Standard*.

Check Mate—A model husband, says the *Wall Street Journal*, is one who can efface over guests at the front door until his wife gets the living room straightened.—*Stratford (Ont.) Beacon Herald*.

Gentlemen Prefer Blondes—A naturalist says mosquitoes sting dark people in preference to fair ones. Which proves what we have long suspected: that mosquitoes are no gentlemen.—*Peterborough Examiner*.

Mute Question—You can never tell about a woman, and if you can, you shouldn't.—*Hamilton Spectator*.

What Happened to Theda Bara?—Middle age: The sudden realization that you don't recognize any of the actors in the movie except the ones playing the hotel desk clerk, the sheriff, or the policeman.—*Victoria Daily Colonist*.

Save as you Starve—Don't spend all you make, advises a bank ad. What do they mean, quit eating?—*Toronto Telegram*.

The Face is Familiar—Two men sat in a first-class railway compartment. One was Winston Churchill, the other a venerable Englishman of the old school type who was reading *The Times*. Neither spoke during the first half-hour. Then the old man lowered his paper and said: "Name Churchill?" "Yes," replied the famous British leader. "Winston?" "Yes." Then followed a long spell of silence while the questioner kept looking at Churchill, apparently in deep thought. Finally he broke the silence: "Harrow '78." "Yes." "Haw, now I place you."—*Niagara Falls Review*.

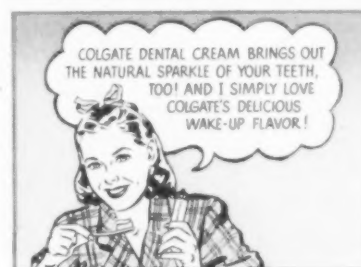
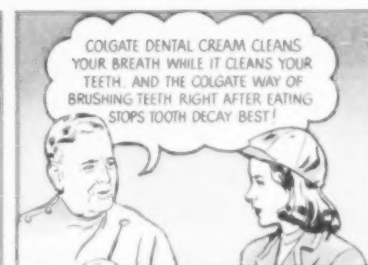
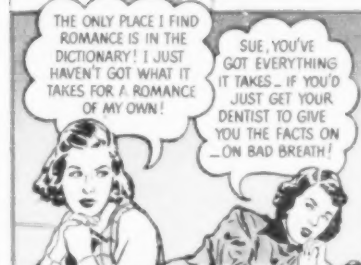
The Silver Dollar Question—Woman customer (in bank): "I would like to get a loan."

Clerk: "You'll have to see the loan arranger."

Woman: "Who?"

Clerk: "The loan arranger. The loan arranger."

Woman: "Oh you mean the one who says, 'Hi Ho Silver?'"—*Edson (Alta.) Western Signal*.



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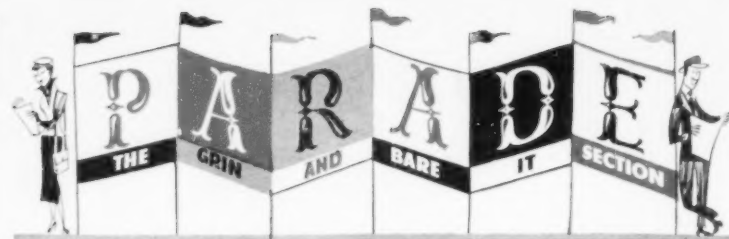
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IN THE millinery department of a Montreal department store the manager had reprimanded a new salesgirl several times for neglecting customers while she fitted new hats over her long blond hair and modeled them in front of the store mirrors.

Walking through the department one morning, a rolled-up newspaper under his arm, he spotted the familiar blond hair under an enormous beach hat. He advanced angrily and, clutching the newspaper in his hand,



he brought it down vigorously on top of the hat.

"How many times have I told you . . ." he began, and then paled when the hat fell off, revealing a shocked customer.

A Saskatchewan farmer noted for his thriftiness made a deal with the storekeeper in a nearby town to sell eggs from his farm. With his wife he drove into town one day with several crates. The storekeeper counted the eggs and announced that they totaled four short of twenty dozen.

The farmer began to protest when his wife, giving her grocery order to a clerk, called: "That's the four I took yesterday to bake a cake."

"Good heavens, woman," the farmer stormed. "How can I make those chickens pay if you keep stealing the eggs."

Calmly his wife continued giving her order and ended with "a bushel of laying mash."

"We've got all the mash we need," the farmer shouted.

"For the chickens, yes," his wife said sweetly. "But if I'm going to lay my own eggs I've got to have the proper food."

The day before temporary Bailey bridges were opened between Three Rivers and Cap de la Madeleine, Que., restoring traffic cut off by the collapse of the Duplessis Bridge, an American tourist on his way to Montreal was stopped by a police-

man on the road approaching the bridge.

The policeman pointed to barriers and road signs ahead and announced in his best English, "The bridge has fall down."

"Then how do I get to Montreal?" the driver enquired anxiously.

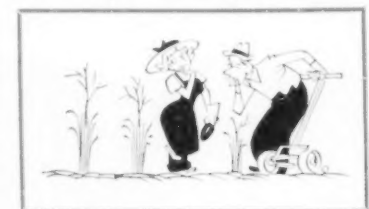
He would have to make a sixty-mile detour, the policeman explained, "or wait till tomorrow when we have build a new bridge."

The American looked at him in amazement. "I don't believe it," he said flatly. "Even in the U. S. we don't build them that fast."

The bus was crowded and a woman shopper getting on at Belleville, Ont., had one arm full of parcels while a basket of apples swung precariously from the other. The bus started with a jolt, tipping the basket, and the woman watched in dismay as the apples rolled toward the back of the bus. She decided against forcing her way through the crowd to retrieve them.

But one by one, as they got off at various stops, passengers deposited apples in the woman's basket until all appeared to have been returned. Finally only two men remained at the back of the bus. On his way out, one of them stopped in front of the woman, smiled and handed her a dime. "I ate mine," he said cheerfully.

The down payment on their new home hadn't left the young Saskatoon couple much spare cash for



landscaping, so they decided to do the job themselves. The husband leveled the ground and bought and planted shrubs.

"Tomorrow," he told his wife, "you can put some fertilizer around them and when I come home from work I'll put in the grass seed."

At dinner the next day he heard in detail how the fertilizer had been packed firmly around the shrubs, according to his instructions.

"But you'll have to get another bag," his wife said. "One bag wasn't enough."

Without asking, he writes bitterly, he knew he'd have to buy another bag of grass seed.

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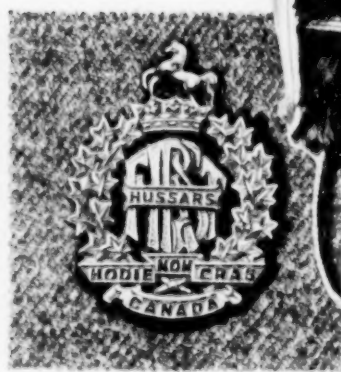


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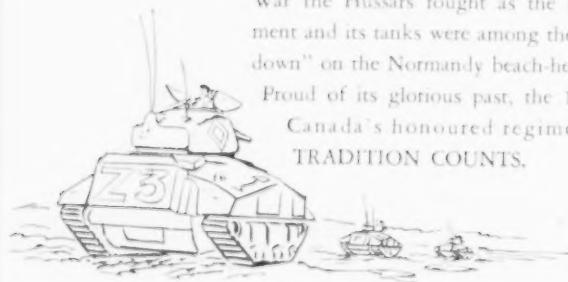


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